

Wit and Mirth :
O R,
P I L L S
TO PURGE
Melancholy.
BEING

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their
proper TUNE for either Voice or Instrument :
Many of the SONGS being New Sett.

The Third Edition. Vol. I.

To which is also added ; A Collection of
Excellent POEMS.

He is the best Physician you will find,
That thus so pleasing Mirth can fix your Mind ;
That every Temper every sort can please
With such Variety of Songs as these.

London : Printed by W. Pearson and Sold by John
Young Musical-Instrument Seller, at the Dolphin and
Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1707.
Price Bound 2s. 6d.



To all the Honest and Merry Souls in City or Country.

Gentlemen,

THIS I entirely Dedicate to those who are honest Votaries to Bacchus, (but not a word of Women;) you know, in Drinking, there needs a Pipe, to purge the troublesome Thoughts which intrude sometimes upon pleasant Tempers, and I now present you (I mean for your Money) a PILL which not only dilates the Spleen, but, by a Glass, being thus repeated to the merry God, and by repeating it twice a week, it will quicken your Spirits, drive you forward to your just business and raise you above the sordid thoughts of too much Care. I wish it may have these effects, which, next to Money, I'm sure it was intended for; but I am afraid you will find your interest much superiour to mine, which if you do, there will be a double duty upon you; first to satisfie your Physician, and afterwards to Recommend him to the rest of the World.

The Stationer on the BOOK.

THere's no Purge 'gainst Melancholy,
But with Bacchus to be jolly ;
All else are but Dregs of Folly.

Paracelsus wanted skill,
When he sought to cure that Ill ;
No Pectorals like the Poet's Quill.

Here are Pills of every sort,
For the Country, City, Court,
Compounded and made up of sport.

If 'gainst Sleep, and Fumes impure,
Thou, thy Senses would'st secure,
Take this, Coffee's not half so sure.

Wantest thou Stomach to thy Meat,
And would'st fain restore the heat ?
This does it more than Chocolate.

Cures the Spleen, Revives the Blood,
Puts thee in a merry Mood,
Who can deny such Physick good ?

Nothing like to Harmless Mirth,
'Tis a Cordial on earth,
That gives Society a Birth.

Then be wise, and buy, not borrow,
Keep an Ounce still for to Morrow,
Better than a pound of Sorrow.

H. P.

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Pills

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

*A true Relation of the dreadful Combat between
More of More-Hall, and the Dragon of Want-
ley.*



O LD Stories tell how Hercules
A Dragon flew at Lern,
With seven Heads and fourteen Eyes
To see and well discern ;
But he had a Club
This Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't I warrant ye :
But More of More-Hall,
With nothing at all,
He flew the Dragon of Wansley.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

The Dragon had two furious Wings,
 Each one upon each Shoulder,
 With a sting in his Tayl
 As long as a Flayl,
 Which made him bolder and bolder.
 He had long Claws,
 And in his Jaws,
 Four and forty Teeth of Iron,
 With a Hide as Tough as any Buff,
 Which did him round Inviron.

Have you not heard that the *Trojan Horse*,
 Held Seventy men in his Belly ?
 This Dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell ye,
 Devour did he,
 Poor Children Three,
 That could not with him grapple ;
 And at one Sup,
 He eat them up,
 As one should eat an Apple.

All sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
 Some say he'd eat up Trees,
 And that the Forrest sure he would
 Devour up by degrees.
 For Houses and Churches
 Were to him Gorse and Burches :
 He eat all, and left none behind,
 But some Stones, dear Jack,
 Which he could not crack,
 Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkshire* near fair *Rotberam*,
 The Place I know it well,
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell ;
 But there is a Hedge,
 Just on the Hill Edge,

And

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

3

And Matthew's House hard by it :
Oh there and then,
Was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say this Dragon was a Witch ;
Some say he was the Devil,
For from his Nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning Snivel,
Which he cast off,
When he did Cough,
In a Well that he did stand by,
Which made it look,
Just like a Brook,
Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt ;
Of whom all Towns did Ring ;
For he could wrestle, play at Quarter-Staff,
Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,
Call Son of Whore :
Do any kind of thing ;
By the Tail, and the Main,
With his hands twain,
He swong a Horse till he was dead,
And that which was stranger,
He for very Anger,
Eat him all up but his Head.

These Children as I told being eat,
Men, Women, Girls, and Boys
Sighing and sobbing, came to his Ledging,
And made a hideous Noyse.
Oh save us all,
More of More Hall,
Thou pearless Knight of these Woods ;
Do but slay this Dragon,
We won't leave us a Rag on,
We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, Tut quoth he, no Goods I want,
 But I want, I want insooth,
 A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,
 And smiles about the Mouth :
 Hair as black as a floe,
 Both above and below,
 With a blush her cheeks adorning ;
 To noynt me ore night,
 E're I go to fight,
 And to dres me in the Mornng.

This being done, he did engage
 To hew this Dragon down ;
 But first he went New Armour to
 Bespeak at *Sheffield Town*,
 With Spikes all about,
 Not within, but without,
 Of Steel so sharp and strong,
 Both behind and before,
 Arms, Legs, all o'er,
 Some five or six Inches long.

Had you but seen him in this Dress,
 How fierce he look'd and big
 You would have thought him for to be
 An *Ægyptian Porcu-Pig* :
 He frightened all
 Cats, Dogs, and all ;
 Each Cow, each Horse, and each Hog,
 For fear did flee,
 For they took him to be
 Some strange outlandish Hedghog.

To see this Fight, all People there
 Got upon Trees and Houses,
 On Churches some, and Chimneys too ;
 But they put on their Trowzes,
 Not to spoil their Hose.
 As soon as he rose,

To

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

5

To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the Tale,
Six pots of Ale,
And a Quart of *Aqua-vitæ*.

It is not Strength that always wins.
For Wit doth Strength excel,
Which made our cunning Champion
Creep down into a Well,
Where he did think
This Dragon would drink,
And so he did in Truth ;
And as he stoopt low,
He rose up and cry'd boe
And hit him in the Mouth.

Oh, quothe the Dragon, pox take you come out,
Thou that disturb'ft me in my Drink,
And then he turn'd and shit at him,
Good luck how he did stink !
Befrew thy Soul,
Thy Body is foul,
Thy Dung smells not like Balsam :
Thou Son of a whore,
Thou stink'ft so sore,
Sure thy Dyet it is unwholesome.

Our politic, Knight, on the other side
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the Dragon such a dous't
He knew not what to think :
By Cock, quothe he,
Say you so, do you see,
And then at him he let flie ;
With hand and with Foot,
And so they went to't,
And the word it was, Hey boys hey.

Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't understand
 Then to't they fell at all,
 Like to Wild Bears, so fierce I may
 Compare great things with small:
 Two Days and a Night,
 With this Dragon did fight,
 Our Champion on the Ground;
 Tho' their Strength it was great,
 Yet their Skill it was neat,
 They never had one Wound.

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,
 The Dragon gave him such a knock,
 Which made him to Reel,
 And strait way he thought
 To lift him as high as a Rock;
 And thence let him fall,
 But More of More-Hall,
 Like a valiant Son of Mars;
 As he came like a Lout,
 So he turned him about,
 And hit him a kick on the Arse.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,
 And turned six times together,
 Sobbing, and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his throat of Leather,
 Oh, thou Raskal,
 More of More-Hall,
 Would I had seen you never,
 With the thing at thy foot,
 Thou hast prickt my Arse Gut,
 Oh, I am quite undone for ever.

Murther, Murther, the Dragon cry'd
 Alack, alack, for Grief,
 Had you but mist that place, you could
 Have done me no Mischief:
 Then his Head he shak'd,
 Trembled, and Quak'd

And

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

7

And down he laid and cry'd :
First on one Kneed,
Then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kick'd, shit, and dyed.

The CLOAKS KNAVERY.



Come buy my new Ballad,
I have't in my Wallet.
But 'twill not I fear please every Palat :
Then mark what ensu'th,
I swear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth :
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.
*'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown
That cramp't all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.*

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

I'll tell you in brief,

A story of Grief,

Which hapen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief :

It tore Common Prayers ;

Imprison'd Lord Mayors,

In one day it voted down Prelates and Players ;

It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,

And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.

Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,

That cramp's all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

It was a Black Cloke,

In good time be it spoke,

That kill'd many thousand and never struck stroke

With Hatchet and Rope,

The forlorn Hope,

Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope :

It set all the Seets in the City to work,

And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,

Those fierce Demi-Gorgons ;

It brought in the Bagpipes and pull'd down the Organs,

The Pulpit did smoak,

The Churches did choak ;

And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak :

It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read ;

It set Publick Faith up, and pull'd down the Creed.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious Impostor

Such fury did foster,

It left us no penny nor no *Pater Noster* :

It threw to the Ground

Ten commandments down,

And set up twice twenty times ten of its own :

It routed the King, and Villains elected,

To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

9

To blind People's Eyes.

This Cloak was so wise,

It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise:

Men brought in their Plate,

For Reasons of State,

And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate:

In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,

To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whistles.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

In pulpits it moved

And was much approved,

For crying out—*Fight the Lord's Battles, beloved:*

It bobtayl'd the Gown,

Put Prelacy down,

It trod on the Miter to reach at the Crown:

And into the Field it an army did bring,

To aim at the Council, but shot at the King.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States,

Whose politick pates

Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:

To Father and mother,

To sister and Brother,

It gave a commision to kill one another:

It took up mens Horles at very low rates,

And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed

To a damnable Deed,

It made the best mirror of Majesty bleed:

Tho' Cloak did not do't,

He set it on Foot,

By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:

For never had come such a bloody Disaster,

If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his Master.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

Pills to Purge Melancholy

Though some of them went hence
 By sorrowful Sentence,
 This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance,
 But he and his Men,
 Twenty thousand times ten
 Are plotting to do their tricks over again:
 But let this proud Cloak to Authority stoop,
 Or DUN will provide him a Button and Loop:
*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
 That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.*

*Let's pray, that the King,
 And his Parliament,
 In sacred and Secular Things may consent ;
 So Righteously firm,
 And Religiously free ;
 That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be,
 And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
 One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us,
 Then Peace, Truth and Plenty our Kingdom will crown,
 And all Popish Plots and their Plotters shall down,*

Blanket-Fair, or the History of Temple-street.
*Being a Relation of the merry pranks play'd on
 the River of Thames during the great Frost !
 Tune Packington's pound.*

Come listen a while (tho' the Weather be cold)
 In your Pockets and Plackets your hands you may hold
 I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare,
 Of a River turn'd into a Bartholomew-Fair;
 Since old Christmas last
 There has been such a Frost.
 That the Thames has by half the whole Nation been crost.
 Oh Scullers I pity your fate of extremes,
 Each Land-man is now become free of the Thames.

Pill to Purge Melancholy.

II

'Tis some Lapland Acquaintance of Conjuror Oates
That has ty'd up your hands and Imprison'd your Boats;
You know he was ever a Friend to the Crew
Of all those that to Admiral James have been true.

Where Sculls did once Row
Men walk to and fro,
But e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be so,
Should your hopes of a Thaw by this weather be crost,
Your Fortune will soon be as hard as the Frost.

In Roast-Beef and Brandy much Money is spent,
And Booths made of Blankets that pay no ground rent;
With old fashion'd Chimneys the Rooms are secur'd,
And the Houses from danger of Fire are ensur'd,

The chief place you meet
Is call'd Temple-street,
If you do not believe me, then you may go and see't.
From the Temple the Students do thither resort,
Who were always great Patrons of Revels and Sport.

The Citizen comes with his Daughter or Wife,
And swears he ne'er saw such a sight in his Life:
The Prentices starv'd at home for want of Coals
To catch them a beat do flock thither in shoals,
While the Country Squire
Does stand and admire,
At the wondrous conjunction of Water and Fire.
Straight comes an arch Wag a young Son of a Whore,
And lays the Squires head where his heels were before.

The Rotterdam Dutchman with fleet cutting Scates,
To pleasure the crowd shews his tricks and his feasts,
Who like a Rope-dancer (for his sharp Steele's)
His Brains and Activity lie in his Heels.

Here all things like fate
Are in slippery state,
From the sole of the Foot to the Crown of the Pate.
While the Rabble in Sledges run giddily round,
And naught but a circle of folly is found.

Here

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Here *Damsels* are handed like *Nymphs* in the *Bath*,
 By *Gentlemen-Ushers* with *Legs* like a *Lath* ;
 They slide to a *Tune*, and cry give me your *Hand*,
 When the tottering *Fops* are scarce able to stand.

Then with fear and with care

They arrive at the *Fair*.

Where *Wenches* sell *Glasses* and *Craught Earthen-Ware* ;
 To shew that the World and the Pleasure it brings,
 Are made up of brittle and slippery things.

A *Spark* of the *Bar* with his *Cane* and his *Muff*,
 One *Day* went to Treat his new rigg'd *Kitchin-stuff*,
 Let slip from her *Gallant*, the gay *Damosel* try'd
 (As oft she had done in the *Country*) to slide,

In the way lay a *stump*,

That with a damn'd thump.

She broke both her *Shoe-strings* and crippl'd her *Rumps*.
 The heat of her *Buttocks* made such a great *thaw*,
 She had like to have drowned the *Man of the Law*.

All you that are warm both in *Body* and *Purse*,
 I give you this warning for better or worse,
 Be not there in *Moon-shine*, pray take my advice,
 For slippery things have been done on the *Ice*.

Maids there have been said

To lose *Maiden-head*.

And *Sparks* from full *Pockets* gone empty to *Bed*.
 If their *Brains* and their *Bodies* had not been too warm,
 It is forty to one they had come to less harm.

The praise of the Dairy-Maid, with a lick at the Cream Pot, or a fading Rose. To the foregoing Tune.

LET Wine turn a *Spark* and Ale huff like a *Hector*,
 Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and fove his rich *Nectar*.
 Neither *Cider* nor *Sberry*,
 Metbeglin nor *Perry*,

Shall

Shall more make me Drunk, which the vulgar call Merry :
These Drinks o'er my Fancy no more shall prevail,
But I'le take a full sop at the merry Milk-pail.

In praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing ;
But all things in order first, God save the King,
And the Queen I may say,
That ev'ry May-day,
Has many fair Dairy-Maids, all fine and gay.
Assit me fair Damsels to finish my Theme,
And inspire my Fancy with Strawberries and Cream.

The first of fair Dairy-Maids if you'll believe,
Was Adam's own wife, your Great-grandmother Eve.
She milk'd many a Cow,
As well she knew how,
Tho Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now ;
She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a shelf,
For the Butter and Cheese in those days made it self.

In that age or time there was no damn'd Money,
Yet the Children of Israel fed upon Milk and Honey :
No Queen you could see
Of the highest Degree,
But would milk the Brown Cow with the meanest she.
Their Lambs gave them Cloathing, their Cows gave them
In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat. (Meat,

But now of the making of Cheese we shall treat,
That Nurser of Subjects, bold Britain's chief Meat.

When they first begin it,
To see how the Renner
Begets the first Curd, you wou'd wonder what's in it.
Then from the blew Whey, when they put the Curds by,
They look just like Amber or Clouds in the Sky.
Your Turkey Sherbet and Arabian Tea
Is Dish water stuff to a Dish of new Whey ;
For it cools Head and Brains,
Ill vapours it drains,

And

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains,
 Court-Ladies i'th' morning will drink a whole Pottle,
 And send out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

Thou Daughier of Milk and Mother of Butter,
 Sweet Cream thy due praise how shall I now utter?

For when at the best,
 A thing's well express'd,

We are apt to reply, that's the Cream of the fest :
 Had I been a Mouse, I believe in my Soul
 I had long since been drowned in a Cream bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the Dutch-men's delight,
 By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light ;
 But oh, the soft stream

That remains of the Cream !

Old Morpheus ne'er tasted so sweet in a dream :
 It removes all Obstructions depresses the Spleen,
 And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen.

Amongst the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
 A thousand more Dainties are daily in use ;

For a Pudding I'll tell ye,

E'er it goes in the Belly,

Must have both good Milk and the Cream and the Jelly :
 For a dainty fine Pudding without Cream or Milk,
 Is like a Citizen's Wife without Satten or Silk,

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be muster'd,
 The charming delights of Cheeje Cakes and Custard ;

For at Tottenbam-Court

You can have no sport,

Unless you give Custards and good Cheese Cakes for't :
 And what's Jack Pudding that makes us to laugh ;
 Unless he hath got a great Custard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good store,
 But a Devonshire White-pot requires much more.

No state you can think,
 Tho' you study and wink,

From

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

15

From the lusty Sack-posset to poor Posset-drink,
But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the worse ;
For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes the Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A rich clouted Cream or a Goose-berry-Fool ;

A Lady I heard tell,

Not far off did dwell,

Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well ;
Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,
That from good natur'd Women such Fools may be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cows Teat in her hand :
How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand,

Then with a pleasure I rub,

Yet impatient I scrub,

When I think of the Blessing of a Syllabub :
Oh Dairy-maids, Milk-maids, such blifs ne'er oppose,
If e'er you'll be happy ; I speak under the Rose.

This Rose was a Maiden once of your profession,
Till the Rake and the Spade had taken possession ;

At length it was said,

That one Mr. Ed——mond

Did both dig and sow in her Parsley-Bed ;
But the Fool for his labour deserves not a Rush,
For grafting a Thistle upon a Rose bush.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all ;

Mind well your Milk pan,

And ne'er touch a man,

And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he can.

I am your well-wisher, then listen to my word,
And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

The

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

The Old Man's Wish.

composed by Dr. Blow. See Theater of Musick.
13 Octo. 1685.



If I live to grow old (for I find I go down)
 Let this be my Fate, In a fair Countrey Town
 Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at my Gate
 And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald pate ;
Nay I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away;
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

In a Country Town, by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look ;
With a spacious plain without Hedge or stile,
And an easie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern my passion, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before :
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
And clean (tho' course) Linnen at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on Sundays, and stout humming Liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar,
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy Wine,
To drink the King's Health as oft as I Dine.
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and it Freezes and Snows,
May I have a Coal-fire as high as my Nose ;
A Fire (which once stirred up with a Prong)
Will keep the Room temperate all the night long.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day ;
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and has left not behind him his Fellow :
For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute way,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

The Old Womans Wish. Tune, The Old Mans Wish.

When my hairs they grow hoary, & my checks they
look pale, [fail
When my forehead hath wrinkles, and my eye-sight doth
Let

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Let my words both and Actions be free from all harm,
And have my old Husband to keep my Back warm.

The Pleasures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,

Our life's but a Vapour, our Body's but Clay;
Ob ! let me live well, though I live but one day.

With a Sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good print,

With a Pot o'er the Fire and good Victuals in't ;

With Ale, Beer, and Brandy, both Winter and Summer,

To drink to my Gossip and be pledg'd by my Gammer.

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Pigs and with Poultry, with some Money in store,

To lend to my Neighbour and give to the poor :

With a bottle of Canary, to drink without sin,

And to comfort my Daughter when that she lies In.

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed soft and easie, to rest on at night ;

With a Maid in the morning to rise when 'tis light ;

To do her work neatly, to obey my desire,

To make the house clean, and to blow up the Fire.

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Coals, and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair,

With a thick Hood & Mantle, when I ride on my Mare :

Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foes,

With a pair of Glass Eyes to clap on my Nose.

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,

Our honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay :

When young she was cheerful no Scold nor no Whore,

She helped her Neighbours and gave to the Poor,

Ibo' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,

Though her life was a Vapour, that vanish'd away,

Sbe liv'd well and happy until the last day.

The

The Old Woman's Wish to the same Tune.

If I live to be old, which I never will own,
 Let this be my Fortune in Country or Town ;
 Let me have a warm *Bir*, with two more in store,
 And a Lufthy young Fellow to rub me before.

May I give to my Passion an absolute sway,
Till with mumping & grunting my Breath's worn away
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay,

In a dry Chimny Nook with a *Rug* and warm cloths,
 A swinging Coal-fire stil under my Nose ;
 With a large Elbow Chair to sit at the fire,
 And a Crutch, or a Staff to the Bed to retire.

May I give to my Passion &c.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, with Custard and Plums,
 When my Teeth are all out, for to ease my old Gums ;
 With a dram of the Bottle, each day a fresh quart,
 Reserv'd in a corner to cheer up my heart.

May I give to my Passion, &c.

With a Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,
 And to sing *Chevy Chase* o'er a Pot of good Ale,
 A Snuff-box, and short Pipe snug under the Range,
 And a clean Flannel shift as oft as I change.

May I give to my Passion, &c.

Without *Palsey* or *Gout*, may I die in my Chair,
 And when dead, may my Great Great Grandchild declare
 She's gone who so long had cheated the Devil,
 And the World is well rid of a troublesom evil.

That gave to her Passion an absolute sway,
Till with mumping and grunting her breath were away,
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.

Tom and Doll; or the Modest Maids Delight.



When the King had given a Pail full,
 And the Sheep came bleating home,
 Doll who knew it would be healthful,
 Went a walking with young Tom,
 Hand in hand Sir,
 O're the Land Sir,
 As they walked to and fro.
 Tom made jolly Love to Dolly,
 But was answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.

Faith says Tom the time is fitting,
 We shall never get the like;
 You can never get from Knitting,
 Whil'st I'm Digging in the Dike;

Now

Now we're gone too,
And alone too,
No one by to see or know ;
Come, come, *Dolly*, prithee shall I ?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no*, &c.

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
In what snares you'd make us fall,
You'll get nothing but the folly,
But I shall get the Devil and all ;
Tom with sobs,
And some dry Bobs,
Cry'd, *you're a Fool to argue so* ;
Come, come, *Dolly*, shall I ? shall I ?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no*, &c.

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to *Love's* a Friend confess,
By the hand he often shook her,
And drank brimmers to the best, &c.,
Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm;
Till after a brisk Pint or two,
To what he said the silly Maid,
Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no*, &c.

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
In the Country or the Town,
And began to grow so mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down ;
Tom came to her,
For to woe her
Thinking this the time to try :
Something past so kind at last,
Her No was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I*, &c.

Closely then they join'd their Faces,
Lovers you know what I mean,
Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
Love was now too far got in ;

Both

Both now lying,
Panting dying,
Calms succeed the stormy Joy,
Tom would fain renewt again,
And she consents with I, I, I, I, I, &c.

*The Winchester Wedding ; or Ralph of Redding,
and Black Bess of the Green.*



AT Winchester Was a Wedding,
The like was never seen,
Twixt lusty *Ralph of Reading*,
And bonny black *Bess* of the Green:
The Fidlers were Crouding before,
Each Lass was as fine as a Queen,

There

There was a hundred and more,
For all the Country came in :
Brisk *Robin* led *Rose* so fair,
She look't like a Lily o' th Vale,
And Ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
He helpt her over the Stile,
And swore there was none so pretty,
In forty and forty long mile.
Kit gave a Green-Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his hand to rise,
But *Fenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blew under the eyes :
Thus merrily chatting all,
They pass'd to the *Bride-house* along,
With *Jobnny* and pretty-fac'd *Nanny*,
The fairest of all the throng.

The Bride came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With *Bak'd*, and *Roasted*, and *Boyl'd*,
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his side,
But *Willy* was Melancholy,
For he had a mind to the Bride.
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer Glass on his thumb,
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking
The best in Christendom.

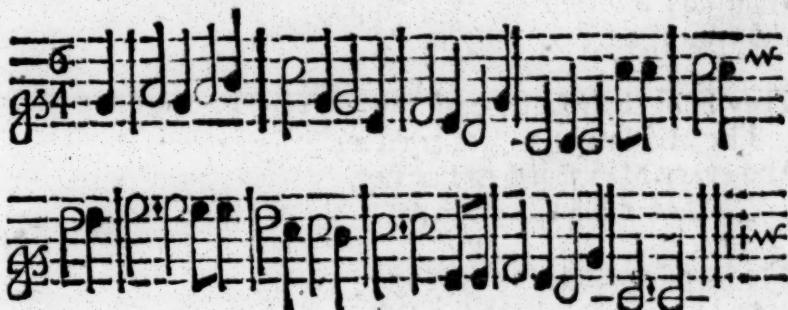
And now they had Din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the *Hall*,
The Fidlers struck up for dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the *Brawl* :
But *Margery* kept a quarter,
A Lass that was proud of her pelf,

Cause *Arthur* had stollen her Garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself :
 She strugl'd and blusht, and frown'd,
 And ready with anger to cry,
 'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
 Had slip'd his hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
 The Bride away was led,
 The Bridegroom got Drunk and was knocking
 For Candles to light 'em to Bed :
 But *Robin* that found him silly,
 Most friendly took him aside,
 The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
 Was playing at *Hoopers-hide* ;
 And now the warm *Game* begins,
 The *Critical minute* was come
 And Chatting & Billing, and Kissing,
 Went merrily round the Room.

Pert Stephen was kind to *Betty*,
 And blith as a Bird in the Spring,
 And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
 And Wedded her with a *Rush Ring* :
Sukey that danc'd with the *Cushion*,
 An hour from the room had been gone,
 And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,
 That some other Dance had been done ;
 And thus of fifty fair Maids,
 That came to the Wedding with Men,
 Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
 That so did return again.

John Dory, made upon his Expedition into France.



As it fell on a Holy-day,
As it fell on a Holy-day,
And upon a Holy-tide a,
And upon a Holy-tide a.

And when *John Dory* to *Paris* was come,
A little before the Gate a;
John Dory was fitted, the Porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The first man that *John Dory* did meet,
Was good King *John* of *France* a;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance a.

A Pardon, A Pardon, my Liege and my King,
For my merry men and for Me a;
And all the Churls in merry *England*,
I'll bring them all bound to thee a.

And *Nichol* was then a Cornish man,
A little beside *Bobide* a;
And he mann'd forth a good black Bark,
With fifty good Oars on a side a.

Run up my Boy, unto the main top,
 And look what thou canst spy a;
 Who ho ! who ho ! a goodly Ship I do see,
 I trow it be *John Dory* a.

They hoist their Sails, both top and top,
 The Misein and all was try'd a;
 And every Man stood to his Lot,
 What ever should betide a.

The Roaring Cannons then were ply'd :
 And Dub-a-dub went the Drum a;
 The sounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,
 To courage both all and some a.

The grapling Hooks were brought at length,
 The brown bill and the Sword a,
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
 Was clap'd fast under board a.

D

A Second Part of John Dory, to the same Tune,
on Sir John S—— Expedition into Scotland
1639.

Sir *John* got him an ambling Nag,
 To Scotland for to ride a;
 With a hundred Horse more then his own,
 To guard him on each side a.

No arrant Knight e'er went to fight,
 With half so gay a Serado ;
 Had you seen but his look, you'd a sworn on a book,
 He'd conquer'd a whole Armado.

The

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

27

The Ladies run all to the Windows to see,
So noble and gallant a fight a ;
And as he rode by, they began to cry,
Sir John why will you go to Fight a .

But he like a cruel Knight rode on,
His Heart would not relent a ;
For till he came there he shew'd no fear,
Why then should he repent a .

The King (God bless) had singular hopes,
Of him and all his Troop a ;
The Brod'rers as they met him o'th' way,
For Joy did hallow and hoop a .

None lik'd him so well, as his own Colonel,
Who took him for John Du-wart a ;
But when there was shews of Gunning and Blows,
Sir John was nothing so pert a .

For when the Scotch Army came in sight,
All Men were prepared to fight a ;
He run to his Tent, and ask'd what they meant,
And swore he must needs go shite a .

His Colonel sent for him back again,
To quarter him in the Van a ;
But Sir John did swear he came not there,
To be kill'd the very first Man a .

To cure his Fear he was sent i'th' Rear,
Some ten miles back and more a ;
Where he fell to play at Tray-trip for Hey,
And ne're saw the Enemy more a .

The BLACK-SMITH.



O All the Trades that ever I see,
There's none to a *Black-smith* compared may be,
With so many several Tools works he,
Which no body can deny.

The first that ever Thunder-bolt made,
Was a *Cyclops* of the *Black-smith's Trade*,
As in a Learned Author is said,
Which no body, &c.

When Thund'ring like we strike about,
The Fire like Lightning flashes out,
Which suddenly with Water we d'out,
Which no body, &c.

The Fairest Goddess in the Skies,
To marry with *Vulcan* did advise,
And he was a *Black-smith* grave and wise,
Which no body, &c.

Vulcan he to do her right,
Did build her a Town by Day and by Night,
And gave it a name which was *Hammer-smith* hight ;
Which no body, &c.

Vul-

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

29

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Estate he would appoint her,
And leave her Seacole-lane for a Joynter,
Whick no body, &c.

And that no Enemy might wrong her,
He built her a Fort you'd wish no stronger,
Which was in the Lane of Ironmonger,
Whick no body, &c.

Smithfield he did cleanse from dirt,
And sure there was Reason for't,
For there he meant she should keep her Court,
Whick no body, &c.

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the Black-smith rectifi'd,
To the Honour of Edmond Iron-side ;
Whick no body, &c.

Vulcan after made a Train,
Wherein the God of War was ta'en,
Which ever since hath been call'd Paul's Chains ;
Whick no body, &c.

The Common Proverb as it is read,
That a Man must hit the Nail on the Head,
Without the Black-smith cannot be said ;
Whick no body, &c.

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the Black-smith's Lot,
That he must strike while the Iron is hot ;
Whick no body, &c.

Another comes in most proper and fit,
The Black-smith's Justice is seen in it,
When you give a Man roast-meat and beat him with the
Whick no body, &c. (Spit,

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Another comes in our *Black-Smiths* way

When things are safe as Old Wives say,
We have them under Lock and Key,

Whicb no body, &c.

Another that's in the *Black-Smiths* Books,

And only to him for Remedy looks,
Is when a Man is quite off the Hooks,
Whicb no body, &c.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,

And therefore let's do the *Black-Smith* no wrong,
When a Man's held hard to it buckle and thong;
Whicb no body, &c.

Another Proverb doth make me Laugh,

Wherein the *Black-Smith* may challenge half,
When a Reason's as plain as a Pike-staff,
Whicb no body, &c.

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,

And by long pleading, a good Cause may marr,
Yet your *Black-Smith* takes more pains at the Barr.

Whicb no body, &c.

Tho' your Scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,

By his counterfeit Deeds and thereby doth ill,
Yet your *Black-Smith* may Forge what he will ;
Whicb no body, &c.

Tho' your Bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,

And Laugh at their Creditors and their Catch-poles,
Yet your *Black-Smith* can fetch them over the Coals ;
Whicb no body, &c.

Though Jockey in the Stable be never so neat,

To look to his Nag, and prescribe him his Meat,
Yet your *Black-Smith* knows better how to give him a heat,
Whicb no body, &c.

Pill to Purge Melancholy.

31

If any taylor have the itch,
The *Black-smith's* water as black as pitch
Will make his hands go thorough stich ;
Which no body, &c.

There's never a slut if filth o're smutch her,
But owes to the *Black-smith* for her leacher,
For without a pair of tongs ther's no man would touch her ;
Which no body, &c.

Your Roaring boys who every one Quails,
Fights, Domineers, Swagers and Rails,
Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his Nails,
Which no body, &c.

If any Scholar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring this matter about,
The *Black-smith* can hammer it out ;
Which no body, &c.

Now if to know him you would desire,
You must not scorn but rank him higher,
For what he gets is out of the Fire ;
Which no body, &c.

Now here's a good health to *Black-smiths* all,
And let it go round as round as a ball,
We'll drink it all off though it costs us a fall ;
Which no body, &c.

The BREWER. To the Tune of the Black-Smith. Pag. 28.

There's many Clinching verse is made,
In honour of the Black-smith's trade,
But more of the Brewer may be said ;
Which no body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The Black-smith cannot be compleat,
Unless the Brewer do give him a heat ;
Which no body can deny.

When Smug unto the Forge doth come,
Unless the Brewer doth Liquor him home,
He'll never strike, my pot, and thy pot, Tom ;
Which no body can deny.

Of all professions in the town,
The Brewer's trade hath gain'd renown ;
His Liquor reaches up to the crown ;
Which no body can deny.

Many new Lord from him there did spring,
Of all the Trades he still was their King,
For the Brewer had the World in a sling ;
Which no body can deny.

He scorneth all laws and Marshal stops,
But whips an Army as round as tops,
And cuts of his foes as thick as hops ;
Which no body can deny.

He dives for Riches down to the bottom.
And crys my Masters when he has got 'em,
Let every Tub stand on his own bottom,
Which no body can deny.

In Warlike Acts he scorns to stoop,
For when his Army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a Hoop ;
Which no body can deny.

The Jewish Scot that Scorns to eat,
The Flesh of Swine and Brewers beat,
'Twas the sight of his Hogs-head made 'em retreat,
Which no body can deny.

Poor Jockey and his Basket Helt,
Was beaten, and much Blood was spilt,
And their Bodies like Barrels did run a tilt,
Which no body can deny.

Though Jemmy gave the first assault
The Brewer at last made him to halt,
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt ;
Which no body can deny.

They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle,
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,
For his Nose and Copper were both of one Metal.
Which no body can deny.

Some Christian Kings began to quake,
And said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make,
We'll let him alone as he Brews let him bake ;
Which no body can deny.

He hath a strong and very stout Heart,
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,
But the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart ;
Which no body can deny.

If any intended to do him Disgrace,
His fury would take off his Head in the place,
He always did carry his Furnace in his Face ;
Which no body can deny.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

But yet by the way you must understand,
He kept his Foes so under command,
That Pride could never get the upper hand;
Which no body can deny.

He was a stout Brewer of whom we may brag ;
But now he is hurried away with a hag,
He brews in a bottle and bakes in a bag ;
Which no body can deny.

And now may all stout Soldiers say,
Farewel the Glory of the day,
For the Brewer himself is turn'd to Clay ;
Which no body can deny.

Thus fell the brave Brewer the bold Son of slaughter,
We need not to fear, what shall follow after,
For he dealt all his time in Fire and Water,
Which no body can deny.

And if his Successor had Had but his Might,
Then we had not been in a pitiful plight,
But he was found many Grains too Light ;
Which no body can deny.

Let's leave of singing, and drink off our bub,
We'll call up a reckoning, and every Man club,
For I think I have told you a tale of a Tub ;
Which no body can deny.

The Infallible Doctor.



From France from Spain from Rome I come,
And from all parts of Christendom,
For to cure all strange Diseases,
Come take physick he that pleases :
Come ye broken Maids that scatter,
And can never hold your water,
I can teach you it to keep ;
And other things are very meet,
As, groaning backward in your sleep.

Come an ugly dirty whore,
That is at least Threescore or more,
Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,
As if you'd fear to pass her by ;
I can make her plump and young,
Lusty lively and also strong,
Honest, Active, fit to wed,
And can recall her Maiden-head ;
All this is done as soon as said,

If any man has got a Wife,
 That makes him weary of his Life,
 With scoulding, yoleing in the house,
 As tho' the Devil was turn'd loose ;
 Let him but repair to me,
 I can cure her presently,
 With one pill I'll make her civil,
 And rid her Husband of that evil,
 Or send her head-long to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palsey, and the Gout,
 Pains within, and Achs without,
 There is no disease but I,
 Can find a present remedy :
 Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
 Are the easiest Wounds I cure :
 Nay more than that I will maintain,
 Break your neck, I'll set it again,
 Or ask you nothing for my pain.

Or if any man has not,
 The heart to fight against the Scot,
 I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
 Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing,
 Or any that has been dead,
 Seven long years and buried ;
 I can him to life restore,
 And make him as sound as he was before,
 Else let him never trust me more.

If any man desire to live,
 A thousand ages let him give,
 Me a thousand pounds and I,
 Will warrant him Life unless he dye ;
 Nay more I'll teach him a better trick,
 Shall keep him well if he ne'er be sick :
 But if I no Mony see,
 And he with diseases troubled be,
 Then he may thank himself not me.

A SONG made on the Downfall, or pulling
down of Charing-Cross, An. Dom. 1642.

*This differs very much from the copy in
my old Song book against the Rump Parliament.*



This music composed by Mr. Farmer.

Undone ! undone ! the Lawyers are,
They wander about the Town,
And cannot find the way to Westminster ;
Now Charing-Cross is down :
At the end of the strand they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss ;
And chafing say, That's not the way,
They must go by Charing-Cross.

The Parliament to vote it Down,
Conceived very fitting,
For fear't should fall and kill 'em all,
I'th house as they were sitting,
They were inform'dt had such a plot,
Which made 'em so hard hearted,
To give express command, it should be
Taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might been worse,
 For any thing I know,
 Than that Tomkins and Chalenour,
 Was hang'd for long ago :
 But as our parliament from that,
 Themselves strangly defended ;
 So still they do discover Plots,
 Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman nor Child,
 Will say I'm confident,
 They ever heard it speak one word,
 Against the parliament :
 'T had Letters about it some say,
 Or else it had been freed ;
 Fore-God I'll take my Oath that it,
 Could neither write nor read.

The Committee said, verily
 To popery 'twas bent,
 For ought I know it might be so,
 For to the Church it never went :
 What with excise and other los,
 The kingdom doth begin,
 To think you'll leave ne'er a Cross,
 Without door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council should,
 Of it have taken pitty,
 Cause good old Cross, it always stood,
 So strongly to the City :
 Since Crosses you so much disdain,
 Faith if I was as you,
 For fear the King should Rule again,
 I'd pull down Tyburn too.

TOM a BEDLAM.

Forth from the dark and dismal Cell,
And from the deep abyss of Hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the World again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd Brain.

Fears and Cares oppress my Soul ;
Hark how the angry Furies howl
Pluto laughs and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my straggling Senses,
In an angry Mood I met old Time,
With his Pentateuch of Tenses.

When me he spies away he flies,
For Time will stay for no Man ;
In vain with crys I rend the Skies,
For pitty is not common.

Cold and comfortles I lie,
Help ! O help ! or else I die ;
Hark I hear Apollo's Team,
The Carman gins to whistle ;
Chast Diana bends her bow,
And the Boar begins to bristle.

Come Vulcan with Tools and Tackles,
And knock off my troublesome Shackles.
Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To find my lost Senses again.

Last Night I heard the Dog-star bark,
Mars met Venus in the Dark ;

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
And furiously ran at the God of War,

Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had the Gout,
For his broad Horns hung so in his Light,
That he could not see to aim aright.

Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,
Stay'd to see the quarrel,
Gorrel belly *Bacchus* giantly bestrad,
A strong Beer Barrel :

To me he drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider ;
He drank whole Buts till he burft his Guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity :
Hark ; I hear *Adeon's* Hounds,
The Hunts-man Whoops and Hallows,
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Boman,
All the Chace doth follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder'd Beef Turnep and Carret,
Put a Cup of Old *Malago* Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his Back.

A SONG made on the Power of Women. To
the Tune of the Black-smith. Pag. 28.

W^Hill you give me leave, and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye,
It shall do more good than ten of John Dory;
Which no body can deny.

'Tis no Story of Robin hood, nor of his Bow-men,
I mean to demonstrate the power of women,
It is a Subject that's very common;
Which no body, &c.

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my station.
And in spite of Criticks give you my narration,
For Women now are all in fashion,
Which no body, &c.

Than pray give me advice as much as you may,
For of all things that ever bore sway,
A Woman bareth the Bell away;
Which no body, &c.

The greatest Courage that ever rul'd,
Was baffled by Fortune, tho' ne'er so well scoul'd,
But this of the Woman can never be cool'd;
Which no body, &c.

I wonder from whence this power did spring;
Or who the Devil first set up this thing,
That spares neither Peasant, Prince nor King;
Which no body, &c.

Their Scepter doth rule from Cæsar to Rustick,
From finical Kit to Souldier so lustick,
In fine, it rules all, tho' ne'er so Robustick;
Which no body, &c.

For

For where is he that writes himself Man,
 That ever saw beauty in *Betty* or *Nan*,
 But his eyes tur'd pimp and his heart trapan?
Which no body, &c.

I fain wou'd know one of *Adam's Race*,
 Tho' ne'er so holy a Brother of *Grace*,
 If he met a loose sister but he wou'd embrace;
Which no body, &c.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,
 Whose desires were hot tho' their natures could,
 But in this kind of pleasure they commonly rould,
Which no body, &c.

First *Aristotle*, that jolly old fellow,
 Wrote much of *Venus* but little of *Bellow*,
 Which shew'd he lov'd a wench that was mellow,
Which no body, &c.

From whence do you think he derived Study,
 Produc'd all his problems a subj^t & so muddy,
 'Twas playing with her at Cuddle my Cuddy;
Which no body, &c.

The next in order is *Socrates* grave,
 Who triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge yet gave,
 His heart to *Aspasia*, and became her slave;
Which no body, &c.

Demosthenes to *Corinth* he took a Voyage
 We shall scarce know the like on't in thy Age, or my Age
 And all was for a *Modicum Pyeage*.
Which no body, &c.

The Proverb in him a whit did not fail,
 For he had those things which make men prevail,
 A sweet Tooth and a liquorish tail,
Which no body, &c.

Lycurgus and Solon were both Law-makers,
And no Men I'm sure are such wiseacres,
To think that themselves would not be partakers,
Which no body, &c.

An Edict they made with approbation,
If the Husband found fault with his Wives consolation,
He might take another for Procreation ;
Which no body, &c.

If the Wife found coming in short,
The same Law did right her upon her report,
Whereby you may know, they were lovers o'th' Sport ;
Which no body, &c.

And now let us view the State of a King,
Who is thought to have the World in a string,
By a Woman is captivated ; poor thing !
Which no body, &c.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all,
And wept because the world was so small,
In the Queen of Amazon's Pit did fall ;
Which no body, &c.

Antonius and Nero and Caligula,
Were Rome's Tormentors by Night and by Day,
Yet Women beat them at their own Play.
Which no body can deny.

A SONG on the Victory over the TÜRKS.



Hark the thundring Cannons roar,
Echoing from the German Shore,
And the Joyful News comes o'er ;
The Turks are all confounded ?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
Charge your Horse through the Grand Half-Moon,
We'll Quarter give to none,
Since Staremburg is wounded.

Close your Ranks and each brave Soul,
Take a lusty flowing Bowl,
A grand Carouse to the Royal Pole,
The Empires brave defender ;
No Man leave his Post by stealth,
Plunder the Grand Vicer's Wealth,
But drink a Helmet full to th' Health
Of the second Alexander.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

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Mabomet was a sober Dog,
A Small-Bear drouzy senseless Rogue,
The Juce of the Grape so much in Vogue,
To forbid to those adore him ;
Had he but allow'd the Vine,
Given 'em leave to carouse in Wine,
The Turk had safely past the Rhine,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull *Tea* they sought in vain,
Hopeless Vict'ry to obtain,
Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry Vein ;
Success must needs attend him ;
Our *Brains* (like our Cannons) warm,
With often firing feels no harm,
While the Sober Sot flies the alarm,
No *Laurel* can befriend him.

Christians thus with Conquest Crown'd,
Conquest with the *Glass* goes round,
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its Ground,
Against the Force of *Claret* :
Whilst we give them thus the Foil,
And the *Pagan Troops* recoil,
The Valiant *Poles* divide the spoil,
And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
But *the most Christian Turk's* at home,
Watching the Fate of *Christendom*,
But all his hopes are shallow ;
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
Let English *Cæsar* now advance,
And if he sends a Fleet to *France*,
He's a Whig that will not follow.

A SONG.

WE be Soldiers three,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 Lately come forth of the low Country,
 With never a Penny of Money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here Good Fellow I drink to thee.
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 To all Good Fellows where ever they be,
 With never a Penny of Money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie :
 Pays for the shot where ever it is,
 With never a Penny of Money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Charge it again Boy, charge it again,
Pardonez moy je vous en prie,
 As long as there is any Ink in thy Pen,
 With never a Penny of Money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

A SONG.



Martin said to his Man,
Fie man, fie,
O Martin said to his man,
Who's the fool now?
Martin said to his man fill thou the cup,
and I the can,
Thou haft well drunken man,
Who's the fool now.

I see a sheep sheering corn,
Fie man fie,
I see a sheep sheering corn,
Who's the fool now :
I see a sheep sheering corn,
And a cuckold blow his horn,
Thou haft well drunken man,
Who's the fool now.

I see a man in the Moon,
Fie man, fie :

I see a Man in the Moon,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a man in the Moon,
Clowting of Saint Peter's shoon,
Thou haft well Drunken Man,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a hare chase a hound,
Fie Man, fie :

I see a hare chase a hound,
Who's the fool now ,

I see a hare chase a hound,
Twenty Miles above ground,
Thou haft well Drunken Man,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a goose ring a hogg,
Fie Man, fie,

I see a goose ring a hogg,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a goose ring a hogg,
And a snail that did bite a dogg,
Thou haft well drunken Man
Who's the fool now ?

I see a Mouse catch the cat,
Fie Man, fie :

I see a Mouse catch the cat,
Who's the fool now ?

I see a Mouse catch the cat,
And the cheese eat the rat,
Thou haft well drunken Man,
Who's the fool now ?

A SONG.



Who liveth so merry in all this land,
As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand?
And ever she Singeth as I can guesse,
Will you buy any sand, any sand, Mistress?

The Broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of Brooms from street to street;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
Then all the day long to do nothing but sing.

The Chimny-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the foot away:
Yet when he comes home although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full meary.

The Cobler he sits cobling till noon,
And cobleth his shooes till they be done;
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
For he knows his works will soon decay.

The Merchant-man doth sail on the Seas,
And lie on the Ship board with little ease :
Always in doubt the Rock is near,
How can he be Merry and make good Clear ?

The Husband-man all Day goeth to Plow,
And when he comes home he serveth his Sow ;
He moileth and toileth all the long Year,
How can he be Merry and make good Clear ?

The Serving Man waiteth from Street to Street,
With blowing his Nails and beating his Feet :
And serveth for forty Shillings a Year,
That 'tis impossible to make good Clear.

Who liveth so Merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the pooreſt ſort ?
The pooreſt ſort wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three.

And every Man will ſpend his Penny,
What makes ſuch a Shot among a great many ?

A SONG.

Tune. Trenckmore.



Willy, prethee go to bed,
For thou wilt have a drowsie head,
To morrow we must a hunting,
And betimes be stirring,
With a hey trolly loly, loly, loly, &c.
Hey ho tro lo, lo, lo, ly, ly, lo.

It is like to be fair weather,
Couple up all thy hounds together:
Couple Jolly with little Jolly,
Couple Trole with old Trolly,
With a hey tro ly lo, lo ly,
Tro ly lo, ly lo,

Couple Finch with black Trole,
Couple Chaunter with Jumbole:
Let Beauty go at liberty,
For she doth know her duty;
With a hey, &c.

Let *Merry* go loose it makes no matter,
 For *Cleanly* some times she will clatter,
 And yet I'm sure she will not stray,
 But keep with us still all the day.

With a hey, &c.

With O master and wot you where,
 This other day I start a Hair ?
 On what call hill upon the knole,
 And there she started before *Trole*.
 With a hey, &c.

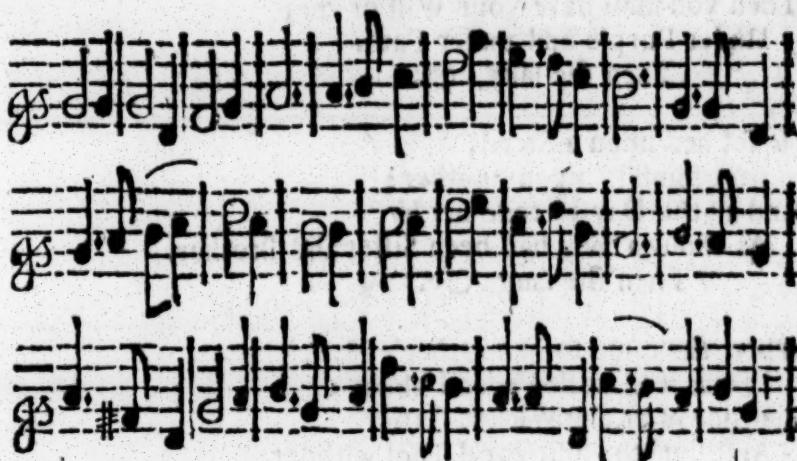
And down she went the common dale,
 With all the hounds at her tail ;
 With yeaffe, a yaffe, yeaffe yaffe,
 Hey *Trol*, hey *chaunter*, hey *Jumbole*.
 With a hey, &c.

See how *Chooper* choppes it in ;
 And so doth *Galant* now begin ;
 Look how *Trole* begins to tattle,
 Tarry a while ye shall hear him prattle.
 With a hey, &c.

For *Beauty* begins to wag her tail,
 Of *Cleanly's* help we shall not fail ;
 And *Chaunter* opens very well,
 But *Merry* she doth bear the bell.
 With a hey, &c.

Go prick the Path, and down the laun,
 She useth still her old train,
 She is gone to what call wood,
 Where we are like to do no good,
 With hey tro ly lo, ly lo,
 tro ly lo, &c.

A S O N G.



Yonder comes a courteous Knight,
Lustily raking over the hay,
He was well ware of a bonny lass,
As she came wandering over the way,
Then she sang down a down,
Hey down derry ; then she, &c.

Fove you speed, fair lady, he said,
Among the leaves that be so green ;
If I were a King and wore a Crown,
Full soon fair lady, should thou be a Queen.
Then she sang, down, &c.

Also fove save you, fair lady,
Among the Roses that be so red ;
If I have not my will of you,
Full soon fair Lady shall I be dead.
Then she sang, &c.

Then he look'd East, then he look't Weft,
He look'd North, so did he South :
He could not find a privy place,
For all lay in Devils mouth.
Then she sang, &c.

If you will carry me gentle Sir,
A Maid unto my Father's Hall ;
Then you shall have your Will of me,
Under Purple and under Paul.

Then she sang, &c.

He set her upon a Steed,
And himself upon another ;
And all the Day he rode her by,
As though they had been Sister and Brother.

Then she sang, &c.

When she came to her Father's Hall,
It was well walled round about ;
She rode in at the Wicket Gate,
And shut the four ear'd Fool without.

Then she sang, &c.

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the Field,
Among the Corn, amidst the Hay,
Where you might had your Will of me,
For, in good Faith Sir, I never said nay.

Then she sang, &c.

You had me also amid the Field,
Among the Rushes that were so brown ;
Where you might had your Will of me,
But you had not the Face to lay me down.

Then she sang, &c.

He pull'd out his nut-brown Sword,
And wip'd the Rust off with his Sleeve ;
And said, Foes curse come to his Heart,
That any Woman would believe.

Then she sang, &c.

When you have your own true Love,
A Mile or twain out of the Town,
Spare not for her gay Cloathing,
But lay her Body flat on the Ground.

Then she sang, &c.

The Country-man's Ramble through Bartholomew-fair.



A Dzooks ches went the other Day to *London Town*,
 In *Smithfield* such gazing,
 Zuch thrusting and squeezing,
 Was never known,

A Zitty of Wood, some Volk do call it *Bartholomew-Fair*,
 But chez zure nought but Kings and Queens live there.

In *Gold* and *Zilver Zilk*, and *Velvet* each was drest,
 A Lord in his Zattin,
 Was bussy a prating,
 Amongst the rest.

But one in Blue Jacket came, which some do *Andrew* call,
 Adsheart talk'd woundy wittily to them all.

At last Cutzooks, he made such sport I laugh'd aloud,
 The Rogue, being fluster'd,
 He flung me a Custard,
 Amidst the Croud.

The Volk vell a laughing at me ; then the Vezen zaid,
 Bezur Ralph, give it to Doll the *Dairy Maid*.

I swallowed the affront but stay'd no longer there;

I thrus't and I scrambled,

Till further I rambled,

into the Fair.

(all at work

Where Trumpets and Bagpipes, Kettledrums, Fidlers, were
And the Cooks zung, Here's your delicate Pig and Pork.

I look'd around to see the Wonders of the Vair,

Where Lads and Lasses

With Pudding-bag-arises,

Zo nimble were;

Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about,
Old Nick zure was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundly pleas'd I up and down the Vair die range,

To zee the vine Varies,

Play all their Vagaries,

I vow 'twas strange.

I ask'd them aloud, What Country little Volk they were?
A cross brat answered me Che were Cukold-shire.

I thrus't and shov'd along as well as e'er I could,

at last did I grovel,

Into a dark Hovel,

Where Drink was sold; (adsheat,

They brought me Cans which cost a penny apicee,
I'm zure twelve ne're could viz a Country-quart.

Che went to draw her Purse, to pay them for their beer,

The Devil a Penny,

Was left of my Money,

Che'll vow and zwear.

(doors:

They doft my Hat for a Groat, then turn'd me out of
Adlwounds, Ralph, did ever see zuch Rogues & Whores.

The Prodigals Resolution, or, my Father was born be,
fore me.



I Am a lusty Lively Lad,
Now come to one and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver plenty :
Now he's in Grave I will be brave,
The Ladies shall adore me ;
I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this?
My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a Thrifty Sir,
Till Soul and body hundred,
Some say he was an Usurer,
For thirty in the hundred :
He scrafft and scratcht, she pincht and patcht,
That in her body bore me ;
But I'll let fly, good cause why,
My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his duty done,
 In getting so much Treasure,
 I'll be as dutiful a Son,
 For spending it in pleasure ;
 Five Pound a quart shall cheer my heart,
 Such Nectar will restore me,
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My father was born before me.

My Gran'um lived at *Washington*,
 My Gransir delv'd in Ditches,
 The son of old *John Thraßington*,
 Whose Lanthorn Leathern Breeches,
 Cry'd whether go ye ? whether go ye ?
 Though Men do now Adore Me,
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
 Nor who was born before Me.

My Gran'sir Striv'd and Wiv'd and Thriv'd,
 Till he did Riches gather,
 And when he had much Wealth Atchiev'd,
 Oh, then he got my Father,
 Of Happy Memory cry I,
 That e'er his Mother bore Him,
 I ne'er had been worth one penny,
 Had I been Born before Him.

To Free-school *Cambridge* and *Grays-Inn*,
 My gray-coat Gransir put him,
 Till to forget he did begin,
 The Leathern Breech that got him ;
 One dealt in straw th'other in Law,
 The One did Ditch and delve it,
 My Father store of Sattin wore,
 My Gransir beggars velvet.

So I get Wealth what care I if
 My Gransir was a Sawyer,
 My Father prov'd to be a chief,
 A subtile Learned Lawyer :

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

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By Cooks reports, and tricks in Courts,
He did with Treasure store me,
That I may say, Heavens bless the day,
My Father was born before me.

Some say of late a Merchant that
Had gotten store of Riches,
In's Dining-room hung up his hat
His staff and leathern Breeches ;
His stockings gartred up with straw,
E'er providence did store him ;
His Son was sheriff of London, cause
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Cloathing,
At first did spring from Butter-milk,
Their ancestors worth nothing ;
Old Adam and our Grandam Eve,
By digging and by spinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give.
Their Radical beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,
Tho selfish yet was flavish,
I'll spend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly lavish ;
From Mad-men Fools and Knaves he did,
Litigiously receive it ;
If so he did, Justice forbid,
But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses and Tennis Court,
I'll prove a noble Fellow,
I'll Court my Doxies to the sport,
Of o'brave PUNCHINELLO :
I'll Drink and Drab, I'll Dice and Stab,
No Hector shall out-roar me ;
If teachers tell me tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me,

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Our Aged Counsellors would have
 Us love by Rule and Reason,
 Cause they are marching to their Grave
 And pleasure's out of season ;
 I'll learn to Dance the Mode of *France*,
 That Ladies may adore me ;
 My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had,
 Though he was born before me.

I'll to the Court where *Venus* sport,
 Doth Revel it in Plenty,
 I'll deal with all both great and small,
 From Twelve to Five and Twenty ;
 In Play-houses I'll spend my days,
 For they're hung round with Plackets,
 Ladies make Room, behold I come,
 Have at your Knocking-Jackets.

A Forfaken Lovers Complaint.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

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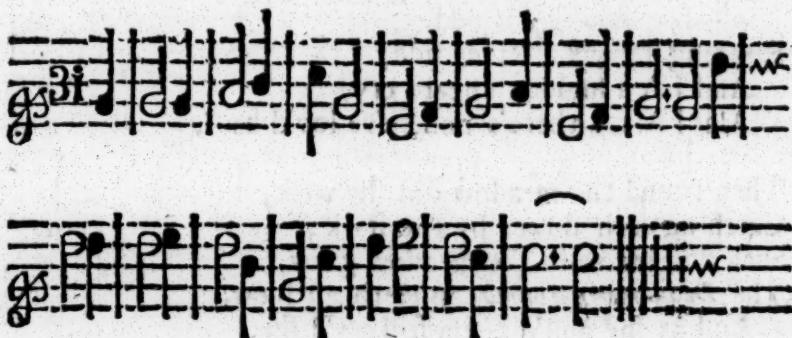
A S I walk'd forth one summers day,
To view the Meadows green and gay,
A pleasant Bower I espied,
Standing fast by a River side;
And in't a Maiden I heard cry,
Alas! Alas! there's none e're lov'd as I.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk ;
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The Dead-mans Thumb an Herb all blew,
And as she pull'd them still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none ever lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest scents
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands,
She wept, sigh'd and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was ever loved like me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full,
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed,
The flowers were the Pillow for her head :
Then down she laid ne'r more did speak ;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

Lovers

Lovers Drollery.

I Love thee for thy Fickleness,
And great inconstancy ;
For had'ft thou been a Constant Lass,
Then thou hadst ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy wantonness,
And for thy Drollery ;
For if thou hadst not lov'd to sport,
Then thou had'ft ne'er lov'd me.

I love thee for thy poverty,
And for thy want of Coin ;
For if thou had'ft been worth a Groat,
Then thou had'd ne'er been mine.

I Love thee for thy Uglineſs,
And for thy foolery ;
For if thou had'ft been fair or wise,
Then thou had'ft ne'er Lov'd me.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my Money ;
I'll part with all the wealth I have,
T' enjoy a Lass so bonny.

Love's Bachanal.



Lay that sullen Garland by thee,
Keep it for th' Elizium shades ;
Take my wreath of lusty Ivy,
Not of that faint Mirtle made.

When I see thy soul descending,
To that cold unfertile Plain ;
Of sad Fools the Lake attending,
Thou shalt wear this Crown again.

Cbo.

Now

Cbo.

*Now drink wine, and know the odds,
 'Twixt that Lethe, 'twixt that Lethe,
 'Twixt that Lethe, and the Gods.*

Rouse thy dull and drowsie spirits,
 Here's the soul reviving streams,
 The stupid Lovers brain in herits,
 Nought but vain and empty dreams.
 Think not thou these dismal trances,
 Which our raptures can content,
 The Lad that laughs, and sings and dances,
 Shall come sooneft to his end.

Cbo.

*Sadness may some pity move,
 Mirth and Courage, mirth and courage
 Mirth and courage, conquers Love.*

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
 Ope those vainly crossed arms ;
 Thou mayst as well call back the buried,
 As raise Love by such like charms.
 Sacrifice a glas of Claret,
 To each letter of her Name ;
 Gods have oft descended for it,
 Mortals must do more the same.

Cbo.

*If she comes not at the flood,
 Sleep will come, sleep will come,
 Sleep will come, and that's as good.*

Reciprocal

Reciprocal Lover.



I Love a Lass but cannot show it,
 I keep a fire that burns within,
 Rak'd up in embers : Ah ! could she know it,
 I might perhaps be lov'd again :
 For a true love may justly call,
 For friendship love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,
 A sigh by whispering in her ear,
 Or let some pitious shower convey me,
 By dropping on her breast a tear,
 Or two, or more ; the hardest flint,
 By often drops receive a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
 That is already too, too weak ;
 No, no they say Lovers may send it,
 By writing what they cannot speak :
 Go then my muse and let this Verse,
 Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse,

Power

Power of Love.

Since love hath in thine and mine Eye,
Kindled a holy flame,
What pity 'twere to let it die,
What sin to quench the same ?
The stars that seem extinct by day,
Disclose their flames at night,
And in a sable sense convey,
Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear,
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes may talk sans fear,
Of being heard or spy'd.
What though our bodies cannot meet,
Loves fuel's more divine ;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

False

False Meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright ;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their Light.
Thus while we shall preserve from waste,
The Flame of our desire,
No vestal shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal Fire.

If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
Come Light thine Eyes at mine ;
And when I feel mine waste away,
I'll take new Fire from thine.

The Tinker.

HE that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* would be,
Let him leave other Loves,
And come listen to me ;
Though he Travels all the Day,
He comes home late at Night,
And Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey,
And Dreams of Delight.

His Pot and his Toast in the Morning he takes,
And all the Day long good Musick he makes ;
He wanders the World to Wakes, and to Fairs,
And casts his Cap, and casts his Cap,
At the Court and her Cares.
When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come,
O ! how the wanton Wenches run :

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowls,
All Wenches pray him to stop up their holes :
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer ;
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*,
The merry, merry *Tinker*,
O ! he is the Man of Mettle.

A SONG.



IN the merry month of *May*,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd the wood so wide,
When as *May* was in her pride ;
There I spy'd all alone, all alone,
Phyllida and *Goridon*.

Much adoe there was God wot,
He did love, but she could not ;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you ;
He said he had lov'd her long,
She said love should take no wrong.

Goridon would have kist her then,
She said maids must kiss no men,
Till they kiss for good and all ;
Then she bad the shepherd call,
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'er was loved so fair a youth.

Then

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth ;
Such as silly sheperds use,
When they would not love abuse ;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And *Phyllida* with Garlands gay,
Was Crowned the Lady *May*.

Cassandra in Mourning.



A Wake my Lute, arise my string,
And to my sad *Cassandra* sing ;
Like the old Poets,
When the Moon had put her sable Mourning on,
Aloud they sounded with a merry strain,
Until her brightness was restor'd again.

Too well I know from whence proceeds
 Thy wearing of these Mourning Weeds :
 In cruel Flames for thee I burn,
 And thou for me do'st therefore mourn.
 So sits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,
 Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

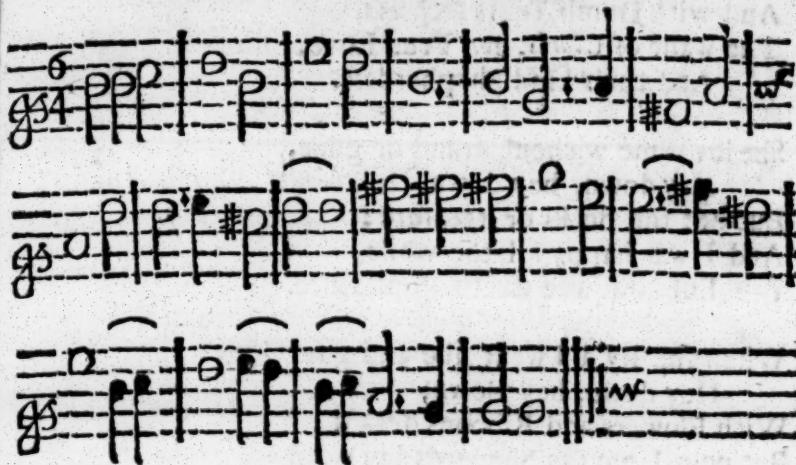
Wear other Virgins what they will !
Cassandra loves her Mourning still ;
 Thus the Milky way so white,
 Is never seen but in the Night ;
 The Son himself, although so bright he seem,
 Is black as are the Moors that worship him.

But tell me thou deformed Cloud,
 How dar'st thou such a Body shroud ?
 So *Satyres* with black hideous Face,
 Of old did lovely Nymphs embrace :
 That Mourning e're should hide such glorious Maids,
 Thus Deities of old did live in shades.

Her Words are Oracles, and come,
 (Like those) from out some dark'ned room :
 And her Breath proves that Spices do
 Only in Schorched Countries grow :
 If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears ;
 Though all o're black, at Lips she Jewels wears.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy,
 As she in *Vulcan's* Arms did lie ;
 Such is *Cassandra* and her Shroud :
 She looks like Snow within a Cloud :
 Melt then and yield ! throw off thy Mourning Pall !
 Thou never can't look white, until thou fall.

Amyntor Distracted Complains.



I Had a *Cloris* my Delight,
Hey down, Hey down;
With Hair as brown as Berries ;
Her Cheeks like Roses red and white,
Her Lips more sweet than Cherries.

Though lovely Black dwelt in her Eyes,
Hey down, hey down,
Like brightest Day that shin'd ;
And Hills of Snow upon her Breast,
Made me and all men blind.

She was so sweet, so kind, so free,
Hey down, hey down,
To kiss, to sport, and play ;
But all this was with none but me,
So envy 'tself will say.

She fed her flock on yonder Plain,
Hey down, hey down,
'Tis wither'd now and dry ;
How can Amyntor longer live,
When such things for her die ?

Hef

Her wandering Kids look in my face,
 Hey down, hey down,
 And'with Dumb Tears Express,
 The want of *Cloris*, my True Love,
 And their kind Shepherdess.

She lov'd me without fraud or guile,
 Hey down, hey down,
 But not for flocks or treasure ;
 And I was happy all the while,
 But now woe worth all pleasure.

When she liv'd I went fine and gay,
 Hey down, hey down,
 With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd ;
 But now I am (as Sheperds say)
 The Emblem of Neglect.

Where are those pretty Garlands now,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Of Ivy and of Bays,
 Which *Cloris* platted on my Brow
 For Singing in her praise ?

With naked Legs and Arms I go,
 Hey down, hey down,
 For why the Clothes I wore,
 With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many mo,
 Upon her Grave lie tore.

For woe is me I should be warm,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Or any Comfort have,
 As long as my dear *Cloris* lies
 So cold within her Grave.

I'll gather sticks and make a fire,
 Hey down, hey down,
 To warm her where she lies,
 Of Mirtles, Cypress, and Sweet-Bryer,
 And then perhaps she'll rise.

To

To young Virgins A SONG.



Virgins, if e'er at length it prove,
My Destiny to be, to be in Love,
Pray wish me such a Fate:
May Wit and Prudence be my Guide,
And may a little decent Pride,
My actions regulate.

S. Virgins if e'er I am in Love,
Pray wish me such a Fate.

Such stateliness I mean as may
Keep Nauseous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,
But still oblige the wife ;
That may secure my Modesty,
And Guardian to my Honour be,
When Passion does arise.

S. Virgins if e'er I am in Love, &c.

When first a Lover I Commence,
May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense,
And Learned Education :
May all his Courtship easie be,
Neither too formal, nor too free,
But wisely shew his Passion.

S. Virgins, &c.

May his Estate agree with mine,
That nothing look like a Design,
To bring us into Sorrow :
Grant me all this that I have said,
And willingly I'll lie a Maid,
No longer then to morrow,

S. Virgins, &c.

A SONG.



The Sun had loos'd his weary Team,
And turn'd his Steeds a grazing ;
Ten Fathoms deep in Neptune's Stream,
His *Tethys* was embracing :
The Stars tripp'd into the Firmament,
Like Milkmaids on a *May-day* ;
Or country Lasses a Mumming sent,
Or School-boys on a *Play-day*.

Apace came on the gray-ey'd Morn,
The Herds in Fields were lowing ;
And 'mongst the Poultry in Barn,
The Ploughman's Cock sate crowing :
When *Roger* dreaming of golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a bawling Rout, Sir ;
For *Cisly* told him, he needs must rise,
His *Fuggy* was crying out, Sir.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
 At the tapping a good Ale Firkin ;
 As Roger Hosen and Shoon had found,
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin :
 Gray Mare was saddl'd w'th wondrous speed.
 With P'illion on Buttock right Sir,
 And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
 To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

Up, up dear Mother, then Roger crys,
 The Fruit of my Labour's now come ;
 In Fuggy's belly it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out till you come.
 I'll help it, crys the old Hig, ne'er doubt,
 Thy Fug shall be well again, Boy ;
 I'll get the Urchin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in, Boy.

The Mare now Bustles with all her feet,
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting ;
 At laft into the good House they get,
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling :
 A Female Chit so small was born,
 They put it into a Flagon ;
 And must be christen'd that very morn,
 For fear it should die a Pugn.

Now Roger struts about the Hall,
 As great as the Prince of Conde ;
 The Midwife crys, her Parts are small,
 But they will grow larger one day :
 What tho' her thighs and Legs lie close,
 And little as any Spider ;
 They will when up to her teens she grows,
 By grace of the Lord lie wider.

And now the merry Spic'd bowls went round,
 The Goffips were void of shame too ;
 In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
 Demands the Infant's Name too,

Some

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

77

Some call'd it *Pbill*, some *Florida*,
But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint ;
For she would have it *Cunicula*,
'Cause there was a pretty jest in't.

Thus *Cunny* of *Winchester* was known,
And famous in *Kent* and *Dover* ;
And highly rated in *London Town*,
And courted the Kingdom over :
The Charms of *Cunny* by Sea and Land,
Subdues each human Creature ;
And will our stubbern hearts command,
Whilst there is a man in nature.

A S O N G.



Four and twenty *Fidlers* all in a row,
And there was Fidle, fidle, and twice Fidle, fidle ;
'Cause 'twas my Lady's Birth day,
Therefore we kept Holy-day,
And all went to be Merry.

Four and twenty *Drummers* all in a row,
And there was Tan tarra rara, tan, tan tarra rara,
rara, rara rar, there was Rub, &c.

Four and twenty Tabers and Pipers all in a row,
And there was whif and Dub, and tan tarra rara, &c.

Four and twenty Women all in a row,
And there was Title Tatle, and twice Pritle Pratle ;
And Whif and Dub. &c.

Four and twenty Singing-men all in a row,
And there was Fa la, la, la, la ; Fa la, la, la, la, la ;
And there was Title, &c.

Four and twenty Fencing-masters all in a row,
And this and that and down to the Legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'em off, and Fa, &c.

Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,
And there was Omne Quod exit in um damno sed
Plus Damno Decorum, and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was Rare Claret and White, I ne'er drunk
worse in my life, and Excellent good Canary drawn off
the Lees of Sherry, if you do not like it,
Omne Quod. &c.

Four and twenty Parliament Men all in a row,
And there was Loyalty and Reason without a word
of Treason, and there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutch-men all in a row,
And there was Alter Molter Van tor Dyken Skapen Copen
de Hague, Van Rottyck, Van-tonstick de Brille, Van Boe, st-
yck Van Foerstick and Soartrag Van Hogan Herien. Van
Donck, Rare Claret and White, &c.

A S O N G.



A Beggar got a Beadle,
And a Beadle got a Yeoman ;
A Yeoman got a Prentice,
And a Prentice got a Free-man,
The Free-man got a Master,
The Master got a Lease ;
The Lease made him a Gentle-man,
And Justice of the Peace.

The Justice being Rich,
And Gallant in desire ;
He Marry'd with a Lady,
And so he got a Squire :
The Squire got a Knight,
Of courage Bold and Stout ;
The Knight he got a Lord,
And so it come about.

The Lord he got an Earl,
His Country he forsook ;
He Travell'd into Spain,
And there he got a Duke :

The Duke he got a Prince,
 The Prince a King of hope ;
 The King he got an Emperor,
 The Emperor got a Pope.

Thus as it was feigned,
 The Pedigree did run ;
 The Pope he got a Fryer,
 The Fryer he got a Nun :
 The Nun by chance did stumble,
 And on her back she sunk,
 The Fryer he fell a top of her,
 And so they got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,
 With whom he did inhabit ;
 Who when the father died,
 The Son became Lord Abbot :
 Lord Abbot had a Maid,
 And he catch't her in the dark ;
 And something he did to her,
 And so begot a Clark.

The Clark he got a Sexton,
 The Sexton a Digger ;
 The Digger got a Prebend,
 The Prebend got a Vicar ;
 The Vicar got an Attorney,
 The which he took in snuff :
 The Attorney got a Barrister,
 The Barrister got a ruff.

The ruff did get good Counsel,
 Good Counsel got a Fee ;
 The Fee did get a Motion,
 That it might pleaded be,
 The Motion got a Judgment,
 And so it came to pass ;
 A Beggers Bratt, a Scolding Knave,
 A crafty Lawyer was.

A New BALLAD upon a Wedding.



THe Sleeping *Thames* one Morn I cross'd,
By two contending *Charons* tost;
I landed and I found,
By one of *Neptune's* jugling Tricks,
Enchanted *Thames* was turn'd to Styx,
Lamberib Th' Elysian Ground.

The Dirty Link-boy of the Day,
To make himself more fresh and gay,
Had spent five hours, and more;
Scarce had he comb'd and curl'd his hair,
When out there comes a brighter fair,
Eclips'd him o'er and o'er.

The dazl'd Boy would have retir'd,
But durst not because he was hit'd

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

To light the purblind Skies :
 But All on Earth will swear and say,
 They saw no other Sun that Day,
 Nor Heav'n but in her Eyes.

Her starry eyes both warm and shine,
 And her dark Brows do them enshrine,
 Like Love's Triumphal Arch ;
 Their Firmament is Red and White,
 Whilst the other Heav'n is but bedight,
 With *Indigo* and *Starch*.

Her Face a Civil Warr had bred,
 Betwixt the White Rose and the Red :
 Then Troops of Blushes came,
 And charg'd the White with Might and main,
 But stoutly were repuls'd again,
 Retreating back with shame.

Long was the War, and sharp the Fight ;
 It lasted dubious until Night,
 Which wou'd to th'other Yeld :
 At last the Armies both stood still,
 And left the Bridegroom at his Will,
 The pillage of the Field.

But oh such Spoils ! which, to compare,
 A Throne is but a rotten Chair,
 And Scepters are but Sticks :
 The Crown it self, 'twere but a Bonnet,
 If her possession lay upon it,
 What Prince wou'd not here fix ?

Heav'n's Master-piece, Divinest frame,
 That e'er was spoke of yet by Fame,
 Rich Nature's utmost Stage ;
 The Harvest of all former years,
 The past's disgrace, the future's fears,
 And Glory of this Age.

Thus

Thus to the Parson's Shop they trade,
And a slight Bargain there is made,
To make him her Supreme :
The Angels pearched about her light,
And Saints themselves had Appetite,
But I will not Blaspheme.

The Parson did his Conscience ask,
If he were fit for such a Task,
And cou'd perform his Duty ?
Then straight the Man put on the Ring,
The Emblem of another Thing,
When strength is joyn'd to Beauty.

A modest Cloud her Face invades,
And wraps it up in Sarsnet Shades,
While thus they mingle hands ;
And then She was oblig'd to say,
Those Bugbear Words, Love and Obey,
But meant her own Commands.

The envious Maids look'd round about,
To see what One wou'd take them out,
To terminate their pains ;
For tho' they Covet, and are Crofs,
Yet still they value more one Loss,
Than many Thousand Gains.

Knights of the Garter too were call'd,
Knights of the Shoe-string too install'd,
And all were bound by Oath,
No farther then the knee to pass ;
But oh ! the 'Squire of the Body was,
A better place than both.

A tedious Feast protracts the time,
For eating now was but a crime,

And

And all that interpos'd;
 For like two Duellists they stood,
 Panting for one another's Blood,
 And longing till they clos'd.

Then came the Jovial Musick in,
 And many a Merry Violin,
 That Life and Soul of Legs :
 Th' Impatient Bridegroom wou'd not stay ;
 Good Sir, cry'd they, what Man can play,
 Till he's wound up his Pegs ?

But then he Dances till he reels,
 For Love and Joy had wing'd his Heels,
 And puts the Hours to Flight :
 He leapt and skipt, and seem'd to say,
 Come Boys I'll drive away the Day,
 And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride with murd'ring Arts,
 Walks round and brandishes her Darts,
 To give the deeper Wound :
 Her beatoeus Fabrick with such Grace,
 Ensnares a Heart at every pace,
 And kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no ground,
 And slyly draws her Nets around,
 Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses :
 Then makes a Curtsie with a Glance,
 And strikes each Lover in a Trance,
 That arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,
 Daring of Larks over a Green,
 His fierce occasion tarry ;
 Dances about them as they fly,
 And gives them sport before they die,
 Then stoops and kills the Quarry.

Her

Her Sweat like Honey-drops did fall,
And Strings of Beauty pierc'd us all,
 Her Shape was so exact :
Of Wax she seemed fram'd alive :
But had her Gown too been a Hive,
 How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus Envious time prolong'd the Day,
And stretch'd the Prologue to the Play,
 Long stopt the sluggis Watch :
At last a Voice came from above,
Which call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,
 To Consummate the Match.

But (as if Heav'n wou'd it retard)
A Banquet comes like the Night-Guard,
 Which stay'd them half the Night :
The Bridegroom then with's Men retir'd :
The Train was laying to be fir'd,
 He went his Match to Light.

When he return'd, his Hopes was Crown'd,
An Angel in the Bed he found,
 So Glorious was her Face :
Amaz'd he stopt ——— but then, quoth he,
Tho' its an Angel, 'tis a She,
 And leap'd into his place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
Bless'd with a Thousand pleasing Charms,
 In Raptures of Delight ;
Reaping at once, and sowing Joys,
For Beauty's Manna never cloys,
 Nor fills the Appetite.

B't what was done, sure was no more,
Than that which had been done before,
 When she her self was made ;
Something was lost, which none found out,
And he that had it cou'd not shew't,
 Sure 'tis a Jugling Trade.

A SONG.



P_Hillis at first seem'd much afraid,
Much afraid, much afraid,
Yet when I kiss'd, she soon repay'd :
Cou'd you but see, cou'd you but see,
What I did more, you'd envy me,
What I did more, you'd envy me,
You'd envy me.

We then so sweetly were employ'd ;
The height of Pleasure we enjoy'd ;
Cou'd you but see, cou'd you but see,
You'd say so too if you saw me,
You'd say so too if you saw me,
If you saw me.

She was so Charming, Kind, and Free,
None ever cou'd more Happy be ;

Cou'd

Cou'd you but see, cou'd you but see,
Where I was then you'd wish to be,
Where I was then you'd wish to be,
You'd wish to be, &c.

All the Delights we did express;
Yet craving more still to possess:

Cou'd you but see, cou'd you but see,
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me?
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me?
Why was't not me? &c.

Ladies, if how to Love you'd know,
She can inform what we did do;
But cou'd you see, but cou'd you see,
You'd cry aloud, the next is me,
You'd cry aloud, the next is me,
The next is me, &c.

A SONG.



To



TO Horse, brave Boys of Newmarket, To Horse,
You'll lose the match by longer delaying ;
The Gelding just now was led over the Course,
I think the Devils in you for staying :
Run, and endeavour all to buble the Sporters,
Bets may recover all lost at the Groom-porters,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,
Take the odds and then you'll be rich ;

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride,
And hold a thousand pounds of his side, Sir :
Dragon would scower it, but *Dragon* grows old ;
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
As lately he could :
Age, Age, does hinder the speed, Sir.

Now, now, now they come on, and see,
See the Horse lead the way still ;
Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,
Five hundred Pounds upon the Brown Bay still :
Pox on the Devil, I fear we have lost,
For the Dog, the Blew Bonnet, has run it,
A Plague light upon it,
The wrong side of the post ;
O zounds, was ever such fortune ?

A SONG.

He.*Sbe.**C H O R U S.*

Fobn. COMe *Fug*, my Honey, let's to bed,
 It is no Sin, sin we are wed;
 For when I am near the by desire,
 I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Fug.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Fug. To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea ;
All Night within my Arms shalt be,
And rise each Morn as fresh as he.

CHO. Come on then, and couple together,
Come all, the Old and the Young,
The Short and the Tall,
The richer than Croesus,
And poorer than Job,
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,
That Peoples the Globe.

John. My Heart and all's at thy Command ;
And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,
Yet six fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,
I think, my Fug, is Wealth enow.

Fug. A Wheel, six Platters, and a Spoon,
A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon ;
My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall
And something under best of all.

Chor. Come on then, &c.

A S O N G.

From

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

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From twelve years old, I oft have been told,
A Pudding it was a delicat bit,
I can remember my Mother has said,
what a delight she had to be fed,
with a Pudding.

Thirteen being past, I long'd for to taft,
What Nature or Art could make it so sweet,
For many gay Lasses about my age,
Perpetually speak on't, that puts me in a rage,
For a Pudding.

Now at Fifteen I often have seen,
Most Maids do admire it so,
That their humor and Pride is to say,
O what a delight they have for to play,
with a Pudding.

When I am among some Wives that are young,
Who think they shall never give it due pralse,
It is sweet, it is good, it is pleasant still,
They cry, they think they shall ne'er have their fill
Of a Pudding.

The greater sort of the Town and the Court,
When met, their tongues being tip't with Wine,
How merry and Jocund their Tattles do run,
To tell how they ended and how they begun
with a Pudding.

Some antient Wives, who most of their lives,
Have daily tafted of the like food,
Now for want of supplies do swear and grumble,
That still they're able enough to mumble
a Pudding.

Now, now I find, cat will to kind,
Since all my heart and blood is on fire,
I am resolv'd what ever comes on't,
My Fancy no longer shall suffer the want
Of a Pudding.

For

For I'll to John who says he has one,

That's cram'd as close as a Cracker or Squib,
Who ever is telling me when we do meet:

Of the wishing desires and sweetnes they get,

In a Pudding.

I thought at first, it never would burst,

It was as hard as grissel or bone,
But by the rouling and troling about,

How kindly and sweetly the Marrow flew out,

Of his Pudding.

Well since I ne'er was fed with such geer,

Until my John did prove so kind,

I made a request to prepare again,

That I might continue in Love with the strain,

Of his Pudding.

Then straight he brought, what I little thought,

Could ever have been in its former plight,

He rumbl'd and jumbl'd me o'er and o'er,

Till I found he had almost wasted the store,

Of his Pudding.

Then the other Mess I beg'd him to dres,

Which by my assistance was brought to pass,

But by his dulness and moving so slow,

I quickly perceiv'd the stuffing grew low,

In his Pudding.

Though he grew cold, my stomach did hold,

With vigor to relish the other bit,

But all he could do could not furnish again,

For he swore he had left littie more then the skin.

Of his Pudding.

A New SONG, upon the Robin-red-breast's
attending Queen Mary's Hearse in Westmin-
ster Abby.



ALL You that lov'd our Queen alive,
Now dead, lament her fate ;
And take a walk to Westminster,
see her lie in State.

Amongst all other glorious sights,
A wonder you may see,
A Bird or something like a Bird,
Attend her Majesty.

Sometimes it hops, sometimes it flyes,
Then perches o'er the hearse ;
Then strains its throat, and Sings a note,
That's neither Prose nor Verse.

The tune is solemn as if Sett,
To fit some dolefull ditty ;
In lamentation for the Queen,
To move all hearts to pity.

A perfect Bird it seems to be,
In Feathers, Bill, and Wings ;
Nor is there Feather'd Creatures else,
That hops, and flies, and Sings.

But what Bird 'twas not known, untill,
One Wiser than the rest ;
Affirm'd that he a *Robin* was,-
And prov'd it by his Breast.

I call it, He, not She, because,
It Sings and Cocks its Tail ;
Which that no Female *Robin* doth,
I'll hold a Pot of Ale.

This Bird abides about the Hearse,
Most part of every day ;
Nor can you fail to hear him Sing,
Unless the Organs play.

For Organ Pipes b'ing wider much,
Than *Robin-red-breast's* throats ;
Their noise must needs be loud enough,
To drown one *Robin's* Notes.

Some say this Bird an Angel is,
If so, we hope 'tis good ;
But why an Angel ? why forsooth,
They say, he takes no food.

But that the *Robin* lives by meat,
Is true without dispute ;
For though none ever saw him Eat,
Enough have seen him Muite.

And that sometimes undecently,
Upon the Statue-Royal ;
Which made some call him *Jacobite*,
Or otherwise illoyal.

The *Papists* say this Bird's a Fiend,
Which haunts Queen Mary's Ghost ;
And by its restless motion shews,
How her poor Soul is tost.

But why then is this pretty Bird,
So lively brisk and merry ?
This rather proves the Queen at ease,
And safe from Purgatory.

An old Star-gazing * Taylor says,
This frolick Bird proclaims ;
How glad all such as he would be,
To welcome home King James.

* *Gadbury a
Jacobite Alma-
nack-maker.*

And Partridge, who can make both Shooes,
And Almamacks to boot ;
Says by this Bird assuredly,
Some plot is still on foot.

*Partridge a
Shooemaker
now makes
Almanacks.*

For having, like an Augur, watch'd,
Which way he took his flight ;
The Robin flew on his left hand,
And not upon the right.

A Bird once in Rome's Capitol,
Said * all things shall be well ;
And why this harmless Robin should,
Bode ill I cannot tell.

* *εστι πάντα
καλῶς.
Suetonius in
the Life of Do-
mitian.*

All we can guess, is from this Bird's
Appearing still alone ;
Which represents our King's Sole case,
Now this fair Queen is gone.

The Robin may have lost his Mate,
So hath King William His ;
And that he may well match again,
Our hearty Prayer is.

A SONG.

I E Musick be the food of Love,
 Sing on, Sing on, Sing on, Sing on,
 Till I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy ;
 For then my listening Soul you move,
 For then my listening soul you move,
 With pleasures that can never cloy ;
 Your Eyes, your Mein, your Tongue declare,
 That you are Musick ev'ry where.

Pleasures invade both Eye, and Ear,
 So fierce the transports are, they wound ;
 And all my Senses feasted are,
 Tho' yet the Treat is only Sound.
 Sure I must perish by your Charms,
 Unless you save me in your Arms

A SONG.



D^Amon why will you die for Love,
 Yet ne'er your flames discover?
 Be wise and soon that pain remove,
 Or tell the Nymph (or tell the Nymph) you Love her:
 As in each of her fierce disdain,
 So in Love's cruel Anguish:
 He who wants Sense to beg for ease,
 Deserves, (deserves in pain, in pain,
 Deserves) in pain to Languish.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,
 Like her their minds they vary;
 Perhaps this day tho' Celia's Cold,
 With you the next She'll Marry:
 Besure be true if She is kind,
 If cruel then forget her;
 With little pains you soon will find,
 A Nymph who'll use you better.

A SONG.



You understand no tender Vows,
Of fervent and eternal Love;
That Lover will his labour lose,
Who does with sighs and tears propose,
Your Heart to move:
But if he talk of setling Land,
A House in Town and Coach maintain'd,
You understand, you understand.

You understand no Charm in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
To any Fop you will submit,
The Nauseous Clown, or fulsome Citt,
If rich they are,
Who Guineas can may you command,
Put Gold, and then put in your —
You understand, you understand.

A SONG.



HOW Vile are the Sordid Intrigues of the Town,
Cheating and Lying continually sway ;
From Bully and Punck to the Politick Gown,
In Plotting and Sotting they waste the day :
All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,
The French and the Wars is always the cry,
Marriage alas is declining,
Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
Ah curse of this jarring what luck have I.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
 Into my Conjugal Fetter's to bring ;
 I planted my snare too for one lov'd Arms,
 But found his design was another thing :
 From the Court Province down to the dull Citts,
 Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are shy ;
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
 Ah pox of the *Monsieur* what luck have I ?

A SONG.



Since roving of late,
 Is as fatal as War ;
 And no Femal sinners,
 Will deel on the square ;

Since

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

L.O.E

Since to keep's out of Fashion,
And drains the poor Cully ;
While his Miss at his cost,
Keeps some rascally Bully.

Since Mistresses sell,
And Wives buy the Pleasure ;
And to wed or be constant's,
The same in some Measure ;
As soon as I can
I will leave Fornication,
And get a good Wife,
If there's one in the Nation.

One modestly free
Not too proud of her means ;
And tho' she writes Woman,
Not out of her Teens,
Not indebted to Art,
For her Wit nor her Beauty,
Yet whose Charms daily prompt me,
To Family Duty.

Who visits the Church,
Tho' custom can't move her,
To play there at Bo-peep,
Cross Pew with a Lover :
Yet let her, with care,
Shun a contrary evil,
Left Angel at Church,
Prove at home a meer Devil.

Not one who, to noose
Some young *Bubble* bestows
Her whole slender Fortune,
In Trifles and Cloths ;

Nor an over-fond Dotard,
 Who Palls ev'ry pleasure,
 While for Bottle or Friend,
 She would leave me no leasure.

Nor one kind and gay,
 Like some before Wedlock,
 Then a Slut and a Shrew
 When she holds me in Fetlock :
 Nor will I in hafte,
 My dear liberty barter,
 Left, thinking to catch,
 I am caught by a Tartar.

My Mistress much Sense,
 And all Vertues admit,
 And joyn to good humour,
 Wealth, Beauty and Wit :
 With a fervent affection,
 She always must love me,
 And no Beauty but hers,
 E're be able to move me.

Oh ! such may she be,
 Who shall tempt me to Marry ;
 If there is no such she,
 Till there is, I must tarry :
 And when she is found,
 I'll no more be a Rover,
 But wed her with speed,
 And, what's stranger I'll Love her:

*The surpriz'd Nymph, A SONG,
This is the proper tune of the ballad*



THe four and twentieth day of May,
Of all days in the year ;
A Virgin Lady fresh and gay,
Did privately appear :
Hard by a River side got she,
And did Sing loud the rather ;
Cause she was sure, she was secure,
And had intent to bath her.

With glittering glancing jealous Eyes,
She slyly looks about ;
To see if any lurking Spies,
Were hid to find her out :
And being well resolv'd that none,
Cou'd see her Nakedness ;
She pull'd her Robes of one by one,
And did her self undress.

Her purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,
 Her Ivory Hands unpin'd ;
 It wou'd have made a Coward bold,
 Or tempted a Saint to a finn'd :
 She turn'd about and look't around,
 Quoth She I hope I'm safe ;
 Then her Rosey Petty coat,
 She presently put off.

The snow white Smock which she had on,
 Transparently to Deck her ;
 Look'd like Cambrick or Lawn,
 Upon an Alablafter Picture :
 Thro' which array, I did faintly spy,
 Her Belly and her Back ;
 He Limbs were straight and all was white,
 But that which should be black.

Into a fluent stream she leapt,
 She look't like *Venus* glas ;
 The Fishes, from all quarters crept,
 To see what Angel 'twas :
 She did so ~~had~~ a Vision look,
 Or fanc'd a Dream ;
 'Twas thought the Sun the Skies forsook,
 And dropt into the stream.

Each Fish did wish himself a man,
 About her all was drawn ;
 And at the sight of her began,
 To spread abroad their Spawn :
 She turn'd to swim upon her Back,
 And so display'd her Banner ;
 If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,
 He wou'd have dropt upon her.

A Lad that long her Love had been,
 And cou'd obtain no Grace ;
 For all her prying lay unseen,
 Hid in a secret place :

Who

Who had often been repuls'd,
When he did come to Woe her;
Pull'd off his Cloaths and furiously,
Did run and leap in to her..

She squeak'd, She cry'd, and down she Div'd,
He brought her up again;
He brought her o're upon the shore,
And then — and then — and then —
As Adam did Old Eve enjoy,
You may guess what I mean;
Because she all uncover'd lay,
He cover'd her again..

With water'd Eyes, she pants and crys,
I'm utterly undone;
If you will not be wed to me,
E'er the next morning Sun:
He answer'd her, he ne'er wou'd stir,
Out of her sight till then;
We'll both clap hands in wedlock bands;
Marry and to't again..

A SONG New Sett by Mr. —



Leave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy vow,

And fall again to drinking,

That *Beauties* that wont *sack* allow.

Is hardly worth thy thinking,

Dry love or *small* can never hold,

And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold:

Doeſt think by turning *Anchorite*;

Or a dull *small*-Beer ſinner,

Thy cold embraces can invite,

Or ſprightleſs Courſhip win her?

No 'tis *Canary* that inspires,

'Tis *Sack* like *Oyl*, gives *Flames* to am'rous Fires.

This makes thee *chant* thy Mistress name,

And to the heavens raise her;

And range this universal fram,

For *Epithets* to praise her,

Low liquors render brains unwitty,

And ne'er provoke to *love*, but move to pitty.

Then be thy ſelf, and take thy *Glaſſ*:

Leave of this dry *Devotion*,

Thou muſt like *Neptune* court thy lass,

Wallowing in *Nectar's* Ocean,

Let's offer to each Ladies shrine,

A full crown'd bowl, here's health to thine.

A SONG, New ſett by Mr. Church.





HO boy, hay boy,
Come come away boy,
And bring me my longing desire,
A Lass that is neat and can well do thefeat,
When lusty young blood is on fire.

Let her body be tall,
And her waft be small,
And her age not above eighteen,
Let her care for no bed, but here let spread,
Her mantle upon the green.

Let her face be fair,
And her breasts be bare,
And a voice let her have that can worble,
Let her belly be soft, but to mount me aloft,
Let her bounding Buttocks be marble.

Let her have a cherry lip,
Where I *Nectar* may sip ;
Let her Eyes be as black as a flow,
Dangling locks I do love, so that those hang above,
Are the same with what grows below.

Oh such a bonny lass,
May bring wonders to pass,
And make me grow younger and younger ;
And when e'er we do part, she'll be mad at the heart,
That I'm able to tarry no longer.

The Devil's Progress on Earth, or Hoggle-Duggle.



Frier Bacon walks again,
And Doctor Forster too ;
Proserpine and Pluto,
And many a Goblin more :
With that a merry Devil,
To make the Airidg, yow'd ;
Hoggle Duggle Ha ! ha ! ha !
The Devil Laugh'd aloud.

Why think you that he Laugh'd,
Forsooth he came from Court ;
And there amongst the Gallants,
Had spy'd such pretty Sport :
There was such cunning Jagling,
And Ladys gon so proud ;
Hoggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the City,
Away the Devil went ;
To view the Merchants Dealings,
It was his full intent,
And there along the brave Exchange,
He crept into the Crowd,
Hoggle Duggle, &c.

He went into the City,
To see all there was well ;
Their Scales were false, their weights were light,
Their Conscience fit for Hell :
And *Panders* chosen Magistrates
And *Puritans* allow'd,
Hoggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the Country,
Away the Devil goeth ;
For there is all plain Dealing,
For that the Devil knoweth :
But the Rich Man reaps the Gains,
For which the poor Man plough'd.
Hoggle, Duggle, &c.

With that the Devil in hast,
Took post away to Hell ;
And call'd is fellow Furies,
And told them all on Earth as well :
That Falshood there did Flourish,
Plain Dealing was in a Cloud.
Hoggle Duggle Ha ! ha ! ha !
The Devils laugh'd aloud.

A SONG, New Sett by Mr. Church.

Ike a Ring without a finger,
 Or a Bell without a Ringer,
 Like a Horse was never ridden ;
 Or a feast and no Guest bidden ;
 Like a Well without a Bucket,
 Or a Rose if no man pluck it ;
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'er loves but dies a Maid.

The Ring, if worn, the finger decks,
 The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks,
 The Horse doth ease, if be ridden,
 The Feast doth please if Guest be bidden ;
 The Bucket draws the water forth,
 The Rose when pluck't is still more worth ;
 Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like

Like to the Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon ;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Freight,
Like a lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day,
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear best fruit,
There's Musick in the finger'd Lute,
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready :
The Freight doth make the Barque go steady :
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's useful in the Night :
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like a Call with *Anon Sir*,
Or a Question and no answer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd :
Or a Mine was never digg'd :
Like a Wound without a tent,
Or Silver box without a Scent :
Just Such as these may she be said,
That lives ne'er love, but dies a maid.

Th' *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,
The Civil answer pleaseth all :
Who riggs a Ship Sayls with the wind,
Who digs a Mine doth Treasure find :
The wound by wholsom Tent hath ease,
The Box perfum'd the Senses please ;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broked,
Or Commandation, and no token :
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it :

Like

Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid:

The broken Marrow bone is sweet,
The Token doth adorn the Greet;
There's Triumph in the Fort being won;
The Man rides glorious in the Moon,
The School is by the Teacher still'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd,
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, Marries e're she dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd,
Like the Gold was never try'd,
Or the Ground unoccupied;
Like a House that's not possessed,
Or a Book was never press'd;
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
Due Season sweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd from drois is pur'd,
There's Profit in the Ground Manur'd;
The House is by Possession Graced,
The Book well press'd is most embraced:
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e'er she dies.



AS I sate at my Spinning-Wheel,
A bonny Lad there passed by,
I ken'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,
Geud Faith he had a bonny Eye :
My Heart New Panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear.
As he my presence did draw near,
And round about my slender Waste,
He clasp'd his Armes and me embrac'd :
To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,
As I sate at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk white Hand he did Extal,
And prais'd my Fingers long and small,
And said, there was no Lady fair,
That ever could with me compare :
Those pleasing words my Heart did feel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho'

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he would never be deny'd,
 But did declare his Love the more,
 Until my heart was wounded sore;
 That I my love could scarce conceal,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning Wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,
 And after that my spinning Wheel,
 He bid me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder Mead:
 My panting heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning Wheel.

He stop'd and gaz'd and blithly said,
 Now speed thee weel my bonny Maid,
 But if thou'ft to the Hay-Cock go,
 I'll learn thee better Work I trow,
 Geud Faith I lik'd him passing weel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonet ost,
 And sweetly kist my Lips so soft,
 Yet still between each honey Kiss,
 He urg'd me on to farther bliss;
 'Till I resistless fire did feel,
 Then let alone my Spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
 Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
 What Damsel ever could deny,
 A Youth with such a Charming Eye?
 The pleasure I cannot reveal,
 It far surpaſt the spinning-wheel.

The Answer ; to the same Tune.

Upon a sunshine Summers day,
When every Tree was green and gay,
The Morning blusht with Phæbus ray,
Just then ascending from the Sea,
As *Silvia* did a hunting ride.
A lovely Cottage he espy'd ;
Where lovely *Cloe* spinning sat ;
And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,
Her curling Hair was lovely brown.
Her rowling Eyes all hearts did win,
And white as down of Swans her Skin :
So taking her plain dress appears,
Her Age not passing sixteen years.
The Swain lay sighing at her foot,
Yet still she turn'd her wheel about.

Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy mind.
Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
Was ne'er design'd for Woods and Groves ;
Come, come with me to Court my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honour there ;
And leave this Rural sordid rout,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

At this with some few modest sighs,
She turns to him her Charming eyes,
Ah ! tempt me Sir no more she cries,
Nor seek my weakness to surprize ;
I know your Arts to be believ'd,
I know how Virgins are deciey'd ;
Then let me thus my Life wear out,
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

By that dear painting Breast cries he,
 And yet unseen divinity ;
 Nay by my Soul that rests in thee,
 I swear this cannot, must not be ;
 Ah ! cause not my eternal woe,
 Nor kill the Man that loves thee so ;
 But go with me and ease my doubt,
 And turn no more thy Wheel about.

His Cunning Tongue so play'd its part,
 He gain'd admission to her heart ;
 And now she thinks it is no Sin,
 To take Loves fatal poison in ;
 But ah ! too late she found her fault,
 For he her Charms had soon forgot ;
 And left her e'er the year ran out,
 In tears to turn her Wheel about.

A SONG, New Sett by Mr. Church.



A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
 There's none leads a life more jocund than he,
 A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,
 A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came,
 If as it begins our tradings do fall,
 We in the Conclusion shall Beggars be all.

*Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,
 And few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.*

A Craver my Father, a Mauder my Mother,
 A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,
 A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for Pelf,
 A Lifter my Aunt and a Beggar my self ;
 In white wheaten straw when their Belly's were full,
 Then I was got between a Tinker and a Trull.
*And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
 For there's none leads a life more jocund than be.*

When boys do come to us, and that their intent is,
 To follow our Calling, we ne'er Bind them Prentice ;
 Soon as they come too't, we teach them to doo't,
 And give them a staff and a wallet to boot,
 We teach them their Lingua to Crave and to Cant,
 The Devil is in them if then they can want,
*And be, or she, that a Beggar will be,
 Without Indentures they shall be made free.*

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens,
 We feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
 For Churches Affairs, we are no men slayers,
 We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers,
 But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purse's,
 We charge and give fire, with a volley of Curses,
*The Devil confound your good Worship we cry,
 And such a bold brazen fac'd beggar am I.*

We

We do things in season, and have so much reason,
 We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason,
 We bill all our Mates, at very low Rates,
 Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the gates,
 With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blue-cap or Teague,
 We into no Covenant enter, nor League.
And therefore a bonny bold Begger I'll be,
For none lives a life more merry then he.

For such petty pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
 We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,
 But sometimes the whip doth make us to skip,
 And then we from Tything to Tything do trip,
 For when in a poor bouzing-kan we do bib it,
 We stand more in dread of the Stocks then the Gibbet,
And therefore a merry mad Begger I'll be,
For when it is night in the barn tumbles he.

We throw done no Alter, nor ever do falter,
 So much as to change a gold chain for a Halter,
 Though some men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
 We commonly bear forty pieces about us;
 But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,
 That owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mercer,
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,
I fear not the Compter, Kings Bench, nor the Fleet.

Sometimes I do frame my self to be lame,
 And when a Coach comes I hop to my game,
 We seld'm miscarry, or ever do marry,
 By the Gov'n Common Prayer or Cloak Directory;
 But Simon and Susan like birds of a Feather,
 They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.
Like Pigs in the Pease-straw intangled they lie,
Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.

A SONG.



I Went to the Alehouse as an honest woman shou'd,
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every degree,
I'll tell you by and by, how this Knave serv'd me:

I call'd for my pot as an honest woman shou'd,
And the Knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I went into my bed as an honest woman shou'd,
And the Knave crept into't as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I proved with Child as an honest woman shou'd,
And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every degree,
And thus have I told you how this Knave serv'd me.

A SONG on a Wedding New Set by Mr. Clark.



Now that Love's Holiday is come,
And *Madg* the Maid hath swept the room,
And trim'd her Spit and Pot ;
Awake my merry Muse and Sing,
The Revels and that other thing,
That must not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd 'tis said,
Clorinda broke out of her bed,
Like *Cynthia* in her pride ;
Where all the Maiden Lights that were,
Compriz'd within our *Hemisph're*,
Attended at her side.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dress'd the Bride from top to toe !
And brought her from her Chamber ;
Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More sumptuous than the live-long day,
Or Stars inshrin'd in Amber.

The

The sprkling bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipsed Suns did rise,
Beneath her Crystal brow ;
To shew like those strange accidents,
Some sudden changeable events,
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed,
Presag'd the blustring night,
With his encircling arms and shade,
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips those threads of Scarlet die,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lie,
Legions of sweets did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
O ! crop me ! crop me ! whilst you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her breasts, those melting *Alps* of snow ;
On whose fair hills in open show,
The God of Love lay napping ;
Like swelling Butts of lively wine,
Upon their Ivory Tilts did shine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waste that tender type of man,
Was but a small and single span,
Yet I dare safely swear,
He that whole thousands has in fee,
Would forfeit all so he might be,
Lord of the Manhour there.

But now before I pass the line,
 Pray, Reader, give me leave to dine,
 And pause here in the middle;
 The Bridegroom and the Parson knock,
 With all the Hymeneal flock,
 The Plum-cake and the Fiddle.

Whenas the Priest Clarinda sees,
 He stai'd as't had been half his fees
 To gaze upon her face:
 And if the spirit did not move,
 His countenance was far above
 Each sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their hands,
 And hamper'd them in Marriage bands,
 As fast as fast may be:
 Where still methinks, methings, I hear,
 That secret sigh in ev'ry ear,
 Once, love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
 And up the dishes in a train
 Came smoaking two and two;
 With that they wip'd their Mouths and late,
 Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
 Ay marry, and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impail'd the meat,
Roger and Margeret, and Thomas and Kate,
Ralph and Bess, Andrew and Maudlin;
 And Valentine eke with Sybill so sweet,
 Whose cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did Meet,
 As round and as plump as a Codling.

When

When at the last they had fetched their freez,
And mired their stomachs quite up to the knees,
In Claret and good cheer ;
Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
O ! what kissing and clipping was there.

But as luck would have it the *Parson* said grace,
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Lass by the fist,
And when he had squeez'd her, and gam'd her until,
The fat of her face run down like a mill,
He toll'd for the rest of the grift.

In sweat and in dust having wasted the Day,
They enter'd upon the last act of the play,
The Bride to the Bed was convey'd,
Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground,
And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was found ;
'Twould have made a man's arm have stray'd.

This clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,
Half Bedded, like the peeping day,
Behind *Olympus* cap ;
Whilst at her head each twitting Girl,
The fatal stocking quick did whirl,
to know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,
All disappointed in the bustle,
The Maidens had shav'd his breeches,
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a storm I can you tell,
He sav'd his other stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even just as if a man had said,
Fair Lady have at all ;
Where twisted at the Hug they lay,
Like Venus and the sprightly Boy,
O ! who wou'd fear the fall ?

Thus both with Loves sweet Tapers fired,
And thousand balmy kisses tired,
They could not wait the rest ;
But out the folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, but what they did.
There lies the Cream o'th' jest.

The Wife bater to the forgoing Tune.

HE that intends to take a wife,
I'll tell him, what a kind of Life
He must be sure to lead ;
If she's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves art,
Much teaching she will need.

For where there is no path one may,
Be tir'd before he find the way :
Nay when he's at his treasure ;
The gap perhaps will prove so straight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a toil of's 'pleasure.

Or if one old and past her doing,
He will the Chambermaid be Wooing,
To buy her ware the cheaper ;
But if he chuse one most formose,
Ripe for't she'll prove libidinous,
Argus himself shan't keep her.

For when these things are neatly drest,
They'll entertain each wanton guest,

Nor for your honour care ;
If any give their pride a fall,
Th' have learn'd a trick to bear withall,
So you their charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your game,
With a dull, fat, gross, and heavy Dame,
Your riches to encrease,
Alas she will but jeer you for't,
Bid you to find out better sport,
Lie with a pot of grease.

If meager — be thy delight,
She'll conquer in venereal fight,
And wast thee to the bones ;
Such kind of girls like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or else they'll grind the stones,

If black. 'tis odds she's dev'lish proud ;
If short Zantippe like to loud,
If long she'll lazy be,
Foolish (the proverb says) if fair ;
If wise and comely dander's there,
Lest she do Cuckold thee.

If she bring store of Money, such
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs. no good Wife ;
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the house with scolding thunder,
What worse than such a life,

But if their Dowry only be,
Beauty, farewel felicity,
Thy fortune's cast a way ;
Thou must be sure to satisfie her,
In Belly, and in Back desire,
To labour night and day.

And rather then her pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore,
And thou'l't *Atheon*'d be ;
Whilst like *Atheon* thou mayest weep,
To think thou forced art to keep
All such as devour thee,

If being Noble thou dost wed,
A servile Creature basely bred,
Thy family it defaces ;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear to exalt a Court-like born,
Thy low descent it graces.

If one Tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him ;
She whom he did for Learning honour,
To Scold by Book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
Or spoil your future fortune ;
But if departed they're this life,
You must me parent to you wife,
And father all, be certain.

If bravely dreft, fair Fac'd and Witty,
She'll oft' be gadding to the City,
Nor can you say her nay ;
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have terms she knows not why,
But still they keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold there's less fear,
But stupid honesty,
May teach her how to sleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their blood agree,
Too near, where's consanguinity,
Then let no kn be chosen ;
He looseth one part of his Treasure,
Who thus confineth all his Pleasure,
To th'arms of a first Cozen.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a Wife at second hand,
Then chuse no widdow'd mother ;
The first cut of that bit you love
If others had, why mayn't you prove,
But tafter to another.

Besides if she bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe ;
Or if by them she ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'll have none,
Whilst thou for weak back go.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

For there where other Gardner's have been sowing,
Their seed but never could find it growing;

You must expect so too ;
And where the *Terra incognita*,
So's plow'd you must it fallow lay,
And still for weak Back go.

Then trust not a Maiden face,
Nor confidence in Widows place,
Those weaker vessels may ;
Spring leak or split against a rock,
And when your fame's wrapt in a smock,
'Tis easily cast away.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your soul your life ;
And one by one, them undermine,
As Courtezan, or Concubine,
But never as a married Wife.

*He who considers this may end the strife,
Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.*

A SONG. New Sett by Mr. J. Clark.



IN faith 'tis true I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me so;
My resolutions they remove,
And former nicenels overthrew.

Those glowing char-coals set on fire,
A heart, that former flames did shun,
Who as Heretick unto desire,
Now's judg'd to suffer *Martyrdom*.

But Beauty, since it is thy fate,
At distance thus to wound so sure;
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And see if distance prove a cure.

Then farewel Mistress, farewel Love,
Those lately entertain'd desires,
Wise men can from that plague remove;
Farewel black Eyes, and farewel fires.

If ever I my heart acquit,
Of those dull flames, I'll bid a pox,
On all black Eyes, and swear their fit,
For nothing but a *Tinder-box*.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

A SONG.



Tom and Will were Shepherds Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together,
When fair Pastora grac'd the Plains,
Alas ! why came she thither ;
For though they fed two severall Flocks,
They had but one desire,
Pastora's Eyes and Amber Locks,
Set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of honest gentle Race,
By Father and by Mother,
And Will was noble but alas !
He was a younger Brother.

Tom was toysome, *Will* was sad,
He Huntsman, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.

Tom would drink her Health, and swear,
The Nation could not want her,
Will could take her by the ear,
And with his Voice enchant her,
Tom kept always in her sight,
And ne'er forgot his Duty,
Will was witty and could wright,
Smooth Sonets on her Beauty.

Thus did she exercise her skill,
When both did dote upon her,
She graciously did use them still,
And still preserv'd her honour.
So cunning and so fair a she,
And of so sweet behaviour;
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he,
Was chiefly in her favour.

Which of those two she loved most,
Or whether she leved either,
'Tis thought they'll find it to their cost,
That she indeed lov'd neither,
For to the Court *Pastora's* gone,
'T had been no Court without her,
The Queen amongst all her train had none,
Was half so fair about her.

Tom hung his Dog, and threw away,
His Sheep-crook, and Wallet,
Will burst his Pipes, and curst the day,
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

A SONG.

Bright was the Morning cool was the Air,
Serene was all the sky,
When one the Waves I left my dear,
The Center of my joy ;
Heaven and Nature smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

Each Rosie Field did Odours spread,
All Fragrant was the shore ;
Each River God rose from his Bed,
And sigh'd and own'd her power :
Curling their Waves they deck'd their hea ls,
As proud of what what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian Queen*,
Her Heroe went to see,
Cidnus swell'd o'er his Banks in pride,
As much in Love as he :
Cidnus swell'd, &c.

Glide

Glide on ye waters bear these Lines,

And till her how distress'd,
Bear all my sighs ye gentle winds,

And waft 'em to her Breast,
Tell her if e'er she prove unkind,

I never shall have rest.

A SONG.



Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,

And lov'd me better than any eane;

But now he lies by another Lass,

And Sawney will ne'er be my love agen:

I gave him fine scotch Sarke and Band,

I put 'em on with mine own hand;

I gave him House, and I gave him Land,

Yet Sawney will ne'er be my Love agen.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
 And Nosegays made to give *Sawney* one ;
 He kist my Breast and feign would do mere,
 Gude feth me thought he was a bonny one :
 He squeez'd, my fingers, grasp'd my keen,
 And Carv'd my name on each green Tree,
 And sigh'd and languisht to ligg by me ;
 Yet now he wo'not be my Love agen.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt Face,
 He prais'd, and also my Russet Gown,
 But now he doats on the Copper Lace,
 Of some lewd Quean of *London Town* :
 He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
 Whilst I poor soul sit sighing at heam,
 And near joy *Sawney* unless in a dream ;
 For now he near will be my Love again.

A SONG.



Quoth

Quoth John to Joan, wild thou have me ?
I Prethee now wilt, and I'le Marry with thee:

My Cow, my Cow, my House and Rents,
Aw my Lands and Tenements :

*Say my Joan, say my Joaney, will that not do ?
I cannot, cannot, come every day no woe.*

I have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
And three fat Hogs pent up in the sty ;
I have a Mare and she's coal black :
I ride on her Tall to save her back :

Say my Joan, &c.

I have a Cheese upon the shelf,
I cannot eat it all my self ;
I have three gude Marks that lie in rag,
In the nook of the Chimney instead of a bag :

Say my Joan, &c.

To marry I would have thy consent,
But faith I never could Complement ;
I can say nought but hoy gee hoa,
Terms that belong to Cart and Plough :

Say my Joan, &c.

St. George for England.





Why should we boast of *Artbur* and his Knights ?
We know how many men have perform'd fights ;
Or why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du lake*,
Or Sir *Tristram du Leon* that fought for the Ladys sake ?
Read old stories and there you'll see,
How St. George, St. George, did make the Dragon flee,
St. George, he was for *England*, *St. Dennis* was for *France*,
Sing Honi Soit qui mal y pense.

To speak of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell ;
And likewise of the Romans how far they did excel,
Hannibal and *Scipio* they many a field did fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight,
Romulus and *Remus* were those that *Rome* did build ;
But *St. George, St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.
St. George he was, &c.

Jephisha and *Gideon* they lead their men to fight.
The Gibeonites and *Ammonites* they put them all to flight,
Hercules's Labour was in the Vale of Brass,
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of an Ass,
And when he was blind pull'd the temple to the ground :
But *St. George, St. George*, the Dragon did confound.
St. George he was, &c.

Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pipin's* blood,
Alfred and *Aldrecus* they were brave Knights and good ;
The four sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,
Sir Hugh de Bourdeaux and *Godfrey de Bolaigne*,
These were all French Knights the Pagans did convert,
But *St. George, St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragons heart
St. George he was, &c.

Hen-

Henry the fifth he Conquer'd all France,
 He quarter'd their Arms his honour to advance,
 He razed their Walls and pull'd their Cities down,
 And garnish'd his head with a double triple Crown;
 He thumped the French and after home he came !
 But St. George, St. George the Dragon he hath slain.
 St. George he was, &c.

St. David you know, loves Leeks and tostet Cheese,
 And Jason was the man brought home the Golden-Fleec;
 St. Patrick you know he was St. George's Boy,
 Seven years he kept his Horse and then stole him away ;
 For which Knavish act a slave he doth remain :
 But St. George St. George, he hath the Dragon slain,
 St. George he was, &c.

Tamberlane the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown,
 With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town ;
 Scanderbeg Magnanimous Mahomet's Bashaws dread,
 Whose Victorious Bones were worn when he was dead ;
 His Beglerbeys, he scorns like dregs George Castriot was
 [he call'd,
 But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath maul'd.
 St. George he was, &c.

Ottoman the Tartar he came of Persia's race,
 The great Mogul, with his Chefts so full of Cloves and
 [Mace,
 The Grecian Youth Bucephalus he manly did bestride,
 But those with all their worthies Nine, St. George did
 [them deride ;
 Gustavus Adolphus was Swedlands Warlike King,
 But St. George, St. George pull'd forth the Dragons sting.
 St. George he was, &c.

Pendragon and Cadwalladar of British blood do boast,
 Tho' John of Gant his foes did daunt St. George shall rule
 [the rost;
 Agamemnon and Cleomedon and Macedon did feats,
 But compared to our Champion they were but merely
 [cheaths;
 Brave Malta Knights in Turkish fights, their brandisht
 [Swords outdrew ;
 But St. George met the Dragon, and ran him through and
 [through.
 St. George he was, &c.

Bidea the Amazon, Proteus overthrew,
 As fierce, as either Vandal, Goth, Saracen, or Jew,
 The potent Holopernes as he lay on his Bed,
 In came wise Judith and subtilly stole away his head ;
 Brave Cyclops stout, with Jove he fought, although he
 [showr'd down thunder,
 But St. George kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a won-
 [der !

St. George he was, &c.

Mark Anthony I'll warrat you, play'd feats with Egypt's
 [Queen,
 Sir Eglamore that valiant Knight, the like was never seen,
 Grim Gorbon's might, was known in fight, old Bevis most
 [men frighted.
 The Myrmidons, and Prester Johns, why were not these
 [men Knighted !

Brave Spinola took in Breda, Nassau did it recover,
 But St. George, St. George he turn'd the Dragon over and
 [over :
 St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France,
 Sing Hony Soit qui maly pense.

Old England turn'd New, to the Tune of the
Black-smith, Page 28.

You talk of New-England, I truely believe,
Old-England is grown New, and doth us deceive;
I'll ask you a question or two by our leave;
And is not old England grown New?

Where are your old Soldiers with Slashes and Scars,
They never us'd Drinking in no time of Wars,
Nor Shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jarrs?
And is not old England, &c.

New Captains are made that never did fight,
But with pots in day, and punks in the Night,
And all their chief Care is to keep their swords bright,
And is not old, &c.

Where are your old Swerds, your Bills, and your Bowes,
Your Bucklers, and Targets that never fear'd blows?
They are turn'd to Stiletto's with other fair Shows:
And is not, &c.

Where are your old Courtiers that used to ride,
With Forty Blew-coats and Foot-men beside?
They are turn'd to Six Horses, a Coach with a guider:
And is not, &c.

And what is become of our old English Cloaths,
Your long-sleev'd Doublet and your trunk Hose?
They are turn'd to French fashions and other gewgaws:
And is not, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor some half a year together,
To fit a New Sute to a New Hat and Feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloath, Stuff or Leather,
And is not, &c.

We have New fashion'd Beards, and New fashion'd Locks,
 And new fashion'd Hats, for your New pated Blocks,
 And more New Diseases besides the French Pox;

And is not, &c.

New Houses are built, and old ones pulled down,
 Until the New Houses, sell all the old ground,
 And the Houses stand like a Horse in the Pound;

And is not, &c.

New fashions in House; New fashions at Table,
 Old servants discharg'd, and New not so able,
 And all good Old custom is now but a Fable;

And is not, &c.

New Trickings, New Goings, New Measures, New paces;
 New Heads for Men, for your Women New Faces,
 And twenty New tricks to mend their bad Cafes;

And is not, &c.

New tricks in the Law, New tricks in the Rolls,
 New Bodies they have, they look for New Souls,
 When the Money is paid for building Old Paus,

And is not, &c.

Then talk no more of New England,
 New England is where old England did stand,
 New furnish'd, New Fashion'd New Woman'd, New;

And is not, &c.

[Man'd]

To the Tune of the Black-smith, Page 28.

I'll tell you a story if it be true,
 But look you to that, I am sure it is New,
 And only in Salisbury know to a few.

Whith no body can deny.

Some

Some Sages have written as we do find,
That Spirits departed are monstrous kind,
To Friends and Relations left behind,
Whick, &c.

That this is no tale I shall you tell,
A Lady there dyed, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as some expound well,
Whick, &c.

Now as the Devil a hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a thicket he heard a sound of much Woe.
Whick, &c.

It was a Lady that wept, and her weeping,
Made *Satan* go from list'ning to peeping,
Quoth he what slave hath this Lady in keeping;
Whick, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she if of Woman you came,
Pity my case, and I'll tell you the same,
Quoth the Devil be quick in your story *fair dame*.
Whick, &c.

Quoth she I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind,
If I could but appear, I should change his mind,
Whick, &c.

Fair Dame quoth the Devil are these all your wants?
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints,
Whick, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweet hearts she had,
How many was good, and how many were bad,
The Devil began to think her stark Mad,
Whick, &c.

And

And so she went on with the cause of the squabble,
Beelzebub scratch't and was in great trouble,
For he thought it would prove a two hours *Babble*.

Whicb &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
She caught him fast by the lilly black firſt,
Nay then quoth the Devil e'en do what you likt.

Whicb &c.

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
And came with a vengeance, to give her her due,
Then snap went the Lock and the Candles burnt blue,

Whicb &c.

Quoth she will you give my Children their land ?
Her Husband did sweat, you must understand,
For he did not think her so near at hand.

Whicb &c.

But having recover'd Heart of grace,
Quoth he you Jade come again in this place,
And *Faustus*, his Chamber-pot flies in thy Face.

Whicb &c.

When she could not prevail by means so foul,
She sought others ways his Mind to controul,
So she went to a Maid, a very good soul.

Whicb &c.

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on,
Most Gracious Madam, what would you have done ;
I'll do it although you'd have me a Nun.

Whicb &c.

Then go to my Husband and bid him do right,
Unto my two Children, or else by this light,
I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.

Whicb &c.

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reasons,
I'll sit on his Bed and read him such Lessons,
As never were heard at Mr. Mompessons.

Whicb &c.

So away went the Virgin and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirits Husband every Word,
At which he replyed, I care not a T——

Whicb &c.

For when she was incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er she could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea.

Whicb &c.

Good Sir, quoth she consider my plight,
I am not able to keep out right,
Three waking Ministers every night.

Whicb &c.

When the Gentleman hear'd her Ditty so sad,
Compassion Straight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.

Whicb &c.

When the land as I said was convey'd to the Boys.
The Virgin went home again to rejoice,
And away went the spirit with a tuneable Voice.

Whicb &c.

A SONG.

HO W Happy's the mortal,
That lives by his Mill,
That depends on his own,
Not on fortune's Wheel ;
By the slight of his Hand,
And the strength of his Back,
How merry, how merrily,
His Mill goes *Clack, Clack, Clack,*

How, &c.

If his Wife proves a Scold,
As too often 'tis seen,
For she may be a Scold,
Sing God bless the Queen ;
With his Hand to the Mill,
And his Shoulder to the Sack,
He drowns all the discord,
In his Musical *Clack, Clack, Clack.*

He, &c.

O'er your Wives and your Daughters,
He often prevails,
By sticking a Cog of a Foot,
In their tails ;
Whilst the Hoyden so willingly,
He laies upon her back,
And all the while he sticks it in,
The stones cry *Clack, Clack, Clack.*

And &c.

The

*The Angler's SONG to the Tune, My Father
was born before me, Page 57.*

O F all the recreations which
Attend on Human Nature,
There's none that is of so high a Pitch,
Or his of such a stature.
As is the subtle Angler's life,
In all mens Approbation ;
For Anglers tricks do daily mix,
In every Corporation.

Whilst Eve and Adam liv'd in love,
And had no cause of Jangling ;
The Devil did the Waters move,
The Serpent went to Angling :
He bates his Hook with Godlike look,
Thought he this will entangle her ;
By this all ye may plainly see,
That the Devil was first an Angler.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
Are all most neat entanglers ;
And he that looks fine will in fine,
That most of them are Anglers :
Whilst grave Divines do fish for Souls,
Physicians like Curmudgeons ;
They bait With Health, and fish for Wealth,
And Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.

Upon th' Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a neet entangler ;
'Mongst Merchant Men, there's not one in ten,
But what is a cunning Angler :
For like the Fishes in the brook,
Brother doth swallow Brother ;
There's a Golden bait hangs at the Hook,
And they fish for one another.

A Shop-keper I next prefer,
 He's a formal man in Black Sir ;
 He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
 And cry's what is't you lack Sir :
 Fine Silks, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
 But if a Courtier prove th'entangler ;
 My Citizen he must look to't then,
 Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no such Angling as a Wench,
 Stark naked in the Water ;
 She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,
 And throw your self in after :
 Your Hook and line she will confine,
 Thus tangled is th'entangler ;
 And this I fear hath spoil'd the Gear,
 Of many a Jovial Angler.

But if you'll Trowl for a Scriv'ner's Soul,
 Cast in a Rich Young Gallant ;
 To take a Courtier by the Pole,
 Throw in a Golden Tallent :
 But yet I fear the draught will ne'er,
 Compound for half the charge an't ;
 But if you'll catch the Devil at streatch,
 You must Bait him with a Serjant.

Thus I have made my Anglers Trade,
 To stand above defiance ;
 For like the Mathamatick Art,
 It runs through every Science :
 If with my Angling Song I can,
 To Mirth and Pleasure seize you ;
 I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
 And Angle still to please you.

The Cavaliers SONG.



HE that is a Cleer Cavalier,
Will not repine, Although,
His Substance grow, So very low,
That he cannot drink Wine.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Fortune is a lass
 Will embrace
 And soon destroy ;
 Free born,
 In libertine
 We'll ever be,
 Singing *vive le roy.*

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,
 And Fortune is a whore,
 There's none but fools and knaves regard her,
 Or her power implore.

He that is a trufthy Roger
 And hath serv'd his King,
 Although he be a tatter'd Souldier,
 Yet he will skip and Sing,
 Whilst he that fights for love,
 May in the way of honour prove,
 And they that make sport of us,
 May come short of us :
 Fate will flatter them,
 And will scatter them,
 Whilst the Royalty,
 Looks upon Loyalty,
 We that live peaceably,
 May be successfully,
 Crown'd with a Crown at laft.

But a real honest man
 May be utterly undone,
 To show his allegiance,
 His love and obedience,
 But that will raise him up,
 Virtue weighs him up,
 Honour stays him up,
 And we'll praise him,
 Whilst the fine Courtier dine,
 With his full bowls of wine,
 Honour will make him faſt.

Freely

Freely let's be then
Honest men,
And kick at fate,
We
May live to see
Our Loyalty
Valued at higher rate.

He that bears a word or a sword,
'Gainst the Throne;
Or doth prophanely prate
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.

Chorus.

What though Plummers, Painters, and Players,
Be the prosperous men,
Yet we'll attend our own affairs,

When we come to't agen,
Treachery may be fac'd with light,
And Leachery lin'd with furr:
A Cukold may be made a Knight,
'Tis fortune *de la guerre*;

But what is that to us Boys !

That now are honest men ?
We'll conquer and come agen,
Beat up the drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers

Dub a dub dub; Have at old Belzebub ;
Oliver stink for fear.

Fift-Monarchy must down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town,
We'll rally and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen,
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,
This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

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 Will embrace
 And soon destroy ;
 Free born,
 In libertine
 We'll ever be,
 Singing *vive le roy.*

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 May be utterly undone,
 To show his allegiance,
 His love and obedience,
 But that will raise him up,
 Virtue weighs him up,
 Honour stays him up,
 And we'll praise him,
 Whilst the fine Courtier dine,
 With his full bowls of wine,
 Honour will make him fast.

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Honest men,
And kick at fate,
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Our Loyalty
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We'll conquer and come agen,
Beat up the drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers
Dub a dub dub; Have at old Belzebub;
Oliver stink for fear.
Fist-Monarchy must down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town,
We'll rally and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen;
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,
This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

*A Parley, between two West Countrymen on sight
of a Wedding.*



I Tell the Dick where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
O things beyond compare!
Such sights again cannot be found,
In any place on English ground,
be it at Wake or Fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay;
There is a House with staires;
And there did I see coming down,
Such Voulk as are not in our town;
Vorty at leaft in pairs.

Amongſt the reſt one peſtilent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God blesſ him) 'twould undee him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At course-a-Park without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out;

By

By all the Maids i'th' Town ;
Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what ; the youth was going,
To make an end of his own wooing,
The Parson for him stay'd :
Yet by his leave (for all his haft)
He did not so much wish all past
Perchance as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a Maid no Whitson Ale,
Could ever yet produce :
No grape that's kindly ripe could, be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her fingers was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth, (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Coller (jast),
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear the light :
But *Dick* she dances such away,
No Sun upon a Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do it in sight ;
And then she look't as who would say,
I will do what I lift to day ;
And you shall do't at Night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes comparison
(Who see's them is undone :)
For streaks of red were mingled there ;
Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
The side that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her Chin :
(Some Bee had stung it newly :)
But (Dick) her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Then on the Sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they night passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin
The Parson himself had guilty been ;
(She lookt that day so purely)
And did the youth so oft thefeat
At night as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's ~~that~~ that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beside the bride :
The business of the Citchin's great,
For it is fit that man should eat ;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrise,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each Serving man with dish in hand,

March boldly up like our Train-band,
Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated ;
And this the very reason was
Before the Parson could say grace,
The company was seated,

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ;
Health first go round, and then the House ;
The Brides came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth ;
(And who could help it *Dick?*)

O'th sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance :
Then dance again and kiss :
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Whil'st every woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By this time all was stola aside,
To counsel and undress the Bride ;
But that he must not know :
But 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind,
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay
Like new-fall snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, who would say
God B'w'y ! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it, •
 In came the Bride-maids with the Posset,
 The Bridegroom eat in spight ;
 For had he left the women to't ;
 It would have cost two Hours to do't,
 which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now
 All that they had not done they do ;
 What that is, you can tell ;
 But I believe it was no more,
 Then thou and I have done before
 With Bidget and with Nell.

Of the Downfall of one part of the Mitre-Tavern in Cambridge, or the Sinking thereof into the Cellar. By Mr. Tho. Randolph. To the Tune of My Father was born before, Page 57.

Ament, Lament you Scholars all,
 Each wear his blackest gown,
 The Mitre that held up your wits,
 Is now it self falm down :
 The dismal Fire on London-Biridge,
 Could move no heart of mine,
 For that but o're the water stood,
 But this stood o'er the Wine.

It needs must melt each Christian heart,
 That this sad News but hears ;
 To see how the poor Hugsheads wept,
 Good-Sack and Claret Tears.
 The Zealous students of that place,
 Change of Religion fear,
 Left this mischance bring in,
 The heresie of Beer.

Unhappy *Mitre* I would know,
The cause of thy bad hap;
Came it by making Legs too low,
To Pembrook's Cardinal's Cap?
Hence know thy self and cringe no more,
Since popery went down,
The Cap should veil to thee for now,
The *Mitre's* next the Crown.

Or was't because our company,
Did not frequent thy Cell;
As we were want to drown those cares,
Thou fox't thy self and fell?

No sure the Devil was a Dry,
And caus'd that fatal blow,
'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,
That he might drink below.

And some do say the Devil did it,
Cause he would drink up all;
But I rather think the Pope was drun',
And let the *Mitre* fall.

But *Rose* now whither, *Falcon* mew,
Whilst *Sam* enjoys his wishes;
The *Dolphin* too must cast her Crown,
Wine was not made for Fishes.

That sign a Tavern best becomes,
That shews who loves Wine best;
The *Mitre's* then the only sign,
For 'tis the Scholars crest.

Then drink Sack *Sam* and cheer thy heart,
Be not dismay'd at all;
For we will drink it up again,
Though our selves do catch a fall.

We'll be thy workmen day and night,
In spight of Bugbear Proctors;
We drank like freshman all before,
But now we'll drink like Docters.

SONG, To the Tune of the Black-smith,
Page 28.

I'LL sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'll tell you before hand you'll find *nothing* in't.
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court yet *nothing* I slight,
Nor care I a pin if I get *nothing* by't.

Hire, Air, Earth, and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish, and men,
Did start out of *nothing* a Chaos, a Den ;
And all things shall turn into nothing again.

Tis *nothing* some times that makes many things hit,
As when fools amongst wise men do silently sit,
A fool that says *nothing* may pass for a wit.

What one man loves is another mans loathing,
This blade loves a quick thing that loves a new thing,
And both do in conclusion love *nothing* ;

Your lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing,
And thinking with sighs to gain her and soothing,
Frequently makes such ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd,
But she that hath *nothing* must needs be a maid.

Your flashing, and clashing, and flashing of wit,
Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit,
'Tis little or *nothing* to what has been writ.

When first by the Ears we together did fall,
Then something got *nothing* and *nothing* got all ;
From nothing it came and to *nothing* it shall.

That party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in hast,
Who made our three Kingdom, & Churches lie waste,
Their project and all came to *nothing* at last.

They

They raised an Army of Horse and of foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and root,
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't,
The Organ, the Alter and Ministers cloathing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty new *nothing*.

And when he had wrap'd us in sanctifi'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the people by faithing and troathing,
At last he was catcht and all came to *nothing*.
In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall,
I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

When war, and rebellion, and plundering grows,
The mendicant man is the freest from foes ;
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.

Brave *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Goose follow Gander,
Nothing can say to an action of slander.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Though he conquer'd the world & gave mankind the rout,
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out,
Old *Noll* that arose to High-thing from low-thing,
By Brewin Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
In seven years space was both all things and *nothing*.

Dick (Olivers heir) that pitiful slow thing,
Who once was invested with Purple Cloathing,
Stands for a Cypher and that stands for *nothing* ;
If King-killers bold are excluded from bliss,
Old *Braishaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing* than now what he is.

Blind Colonel *Hansen* that lately did crawl,
To lofty degree from a low Coblers stall,
Did bring ali to *nothing* when Awl came to Awl.

Your Gallant that rants it in delicate Cloathing,
 Though lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
 Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *Nothing*.

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
 When Death doth arrest him and bear him away,
 At the General Barr will have nothing to say.

Whores that in silk were by Gallants embrac'd,
 By a rabble of Prenticks lately were chas'd,
 Thus Courting and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.

If any man tax me with weakness of Wit,
 And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ ;
 I shall answer, *Ex nibillo nihil fit*.

Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
 This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
 For writing of nothing I comprehend all.

Let every man give the Poet his due,
 Cause then 'twas with him as now it's with you,
 He study'd it when he had nothing to do.

This very word nothing if took the right way,
 May prove advantageous for what would you say,
 If the Vintner should cry there's *nothing* to pay.

The Scolding Wife, New Sett by Mr. Ackeroyd.





Some men they do delight in Hounds,
And some in Hawks take pleasure ;
Others joy in war and wounds,
And there by gain great Treasure ;
Some they do love on sea to sail,
Others rejoice in Riding ;
But all their judgments do them fail,
There's no such joy as *Chiding*.

When soon as Day I open mine eyes,
To entertain the Morning ;
Before my Husband he can rise,
I *Chide* and proudly scorn him :
When at the board I take my place,
What ever be the Feasting ;
I first do *Chide* and then say Grace,
If so dispos'd to tasting.

Too Fat, too Lean, too Hot too Cold,
I ever am complaining ;
Too raw, too Rost, to Young, too Old,
I always am disdaining :
Let it be Fowl, or Flesh, or Fish,
Tho' I am my own Taster ;
Yet I'll find fault with Meat or Dish,
With Maid or with the Master.

But when to Bed I go at Night,
I surely fall a weeping ;
For then I leave my great delight,
How can I *Chide* when Sleeping :
Yet this my Grief doth mitigate,
And must awage my sorrow ;
Although to Night it be to late,
I'll Early *Chide* to morrow.

[*The Cautious Drinker; New Sett by Mr. Akeroy'd.*



MY Masters and Friends, who ever intends,
To trouble this Room with Discourse ;
You that sit by are as guilty as I,
Be your talk the better or worse :
Now least you should prate of matters of state,
Or any thing else that might hurt us ;
We rather will drink off our cups to the brink,
And then we shall speak to the purpose,

Suppose you speak clean from the matter you mean,
That's not a pin here or there ;
Yet take this advice, be both merry and wise,
Ye know not what Creatures be near :
Or suppose that some sot, should lurk in this pot,
To scatter out words that might hurt us ;
To free that same doubt, we'll see all the pot out,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

If any man be in bodily fear,
Of a Wolf, a Wife or a Tweak ;
Here's Armour of proof shall keep her a-loof,
Here's Liquor will make a man speak :
Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* juice,
And then he shall speak to the Purpose.

He that rails at the times, in prose or in rimes,
Doth bark like Dog at the Moon ;
Sings Prophecies strange, and threatens some change,
And hangs them upon the Queen Tomb :
He is but a Rayler or Prophecyng Taylor,
To scatter out words that might hurt us,
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and Sing Catches,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

It is a mad zeal for a man to reveal,
His secret thoughts when he bowfes :
He is but a Widgeon that talk of Religion,
In Taverns or in tipling houses :
It is not for us such things to discourse,
Let's talk of nothing than might hurt us ;
But let's begin a new health to our King,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

A-midst of our Bliss 'twill not be a miss,
To talk of our going home late ;
If Conftable Kite or a Pif-pot an night,
Should chance to be spilt on our pate :
It were all in vain to rage or complain,
Or scatter out words that might hurt us.
I were better to trudge home to honest kind *Foam*,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Old Simon the King.

IN a humour I was late,
As many good fellows be ;
To think of no matters of State,
But seek for good Company ;
That best contented me,
I travel'd up and down ;
No Company I could find ;
Till I came to the sight of the Crown :
My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at ease,
The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps ;
They were all of one disease,
Says Old *Simon the King.*

Considering in my mind,
And thus I began to think ;
If a Man be full to the Throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
And if his drink will not down,
He may hang himself for shame ;
So may the Tapster at the Crown,
Whereupon this reason I frame ;
Drink will make a Man Drunk,
And Drunk will make a Man dry ;
Dry will make a Man sick,
And sick will make a Man Die,
Says Old *Simon the King.*

If a Man should be drunk to night,
And laid in his grave to morrow ;

Will

Will you or any man say,
That he died of Care or Sorrow ?
Then hang up sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that !
For drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man Sing ;
Singing will make a man Laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin,
To drink unless you be dry,
Then strait this Tale I begin,
A puritan left his Cann,
And took him to his Jugg,
And their he play'd the man,
As long as he could tugg :
But when that he was spy'd
What did he swear or rail ;
No, no truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'll be drunk,
Of frailty it is a sin,
Or for to keep a punk,
Or play at In and In ;
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs,
In spite of the Physician :
Who so fears every Grass,
Must never piss in a Meadow,
And he that loves a pot and a Lass,
Must never cry oh ! my head oh !
Says Old *Simon* the King.

The Gelding of the Devil by Dick the Baker of
Mansfield Town.



Now listen a while and I will you tell,
 Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
And *Dick the Baker of Mansfield Town,*
 To *Manchester* market he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
 This *Baker* rid on with a merry cheer :
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
 And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Ba-

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy Horse so fair and fat ?
In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay,
Because his stones were cut away.
For he that will have a Gelding free,
Both fair and lusty he must be :
Oh ! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou do'st go.

Go, tie thy Horse unto a tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me.
The *Baker* had a knife of Iron and Steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell.
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit for to cut any manner of stones,
The *Baker* being lighted from his Horse,
Cut the Devil's stones from his Arse.

Oh ! quoth the Devil beshrow thy heart,
Thou doft not feel how I do smart ;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this same day sevenight.
The *Baker* hearing the words he said,
Within his heart was sore afraid,
He hied him to the next market Town,
To sell his bread both white and brown.

And when the market was done that Day,
The *Baker* went home another way,
Unto his wife he then did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell :
Nay, a wondrous word I hard him say,
He would geld me next market day ;
Therefore, wife, I stand in doubt,
I'd rather, quoth she thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone,
Then for to lose any manner of stone,
For why 'twill be a loathsome thing,
When every Woman shall call thee Gelding ;

Thus

Thus they continu'd both in fear,
Until the next Market day drew near ;
Well quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

Thy Hose, thy Shoon and Cap also,
And I like a man to the Market will go ;
Then up she got her all in haft,
With all her bread upon her beast :
And when she came to the hill side,
There she saw two devils abide,
A little Devil and another,
Lay playing under the hill side together.

Oh ! quoth the Devil without any fain,
Yonder comes the Baker again ;
Beest thou well Baker or beest thou woe,
I mean to geld thee before thou dost go,
These were the words the Woman did say,
Good Sir I was gelded but Yesterday ;
Oh ! quoth the Devil that I will see,
And he pluckt her cloaths above her knee.

And looking upwards from the ground,
There he spied a grevious wound :
Oh ! (quoth the devil) what might he be ?
For he was not cunning that gelded thee,
For when he had cut away the stones clean,
He should have sowed up the hole again ;
He called the little Devil to him anon,
And bid him look to that same man.

Whilst he went into some private place,
To fetch some salve in a little space ;
The great Devil was gone but a little way,
But upon her belly there crept a flea :
The little Devil he soon espy'd that,
He up with his paw and gave her a pat :
With that the woman began to start,
And out she thrust a most horrible tart.

Whoop !

Whoop ! whoop ! quoth the little Devil, come again I pray,
For here's another hole broke by my fay ;
The great Devil he came running in haft,
Wherein his heart was sore aghast :
Fough quoth the Devil thou art not sound,
Thou stinkeſt ſo ſore above the ground ;
Thy life days ſure cannot be long ;
Thy breath it fumes ſo wond'rous ſtrong.

The hole is cut ſo near the Bone,
There is no ſalve can ſtick thereon ;
And therefore Baker I stand in doubt,
That all thy Bowels will fall out :
Therefore Baker hie thee away,
And in this place no longer stay.

A S O N G, Sung in the laſt Revived Comedy call'd
(The Virtuous Wife) Acted at the Theatre Roy-
al. The Words by Mr. D'Urfey : Sett by Mr. Tol-
lot.





The Sages of old,
In Prophecy told ;
The cause of a Nations undoing :
But the true English breed,
No Prophets do need,
For each man here seeks his own ruin.
By grumbling and Jars,
We promote civil Wars ;
And Preach up false Tenets to many,
We snarl, and we bite,
We rail, and we fight
For Religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his Friend ;
And a Miss that can Wittily prattle :
That delights not in Blood,
But draws when he shou'd :
And bravely ne'er shrinks from a Battle ;
That rails not at Kings,
Nor at Politick things ;
Nor Treason does speak when he's mellow,
But takes a full Glass,
To his Master's success,
This, this is the honest brave Fellow.

To

To a Friend who desired no more than to admire the Mind, and the Beauty of Sylvia.



THo' *Sylvia's* Eyes a flame could raise,
More fit for Wonder then for Praise ;
And though her Wit were clear and high,
That 'twere resistless as her Eye :
Yet without Love she still shall find,
I'm deaf to one, to th'other blind.

Those Fools that think Beauty can prove,
A cause sufficient for their Love ;
I wish they never may have more,
To try how Looks can cure their sore :
'Tis such the sex so high have set,
They take it not for Gift but Debt.

If Love were unto sight confin'd,
The god of it would not be Blind ;
Nor would the Pleasure of it be,
So often in obscurity.

No, to know Joys each sense hath right,
Equal at least to that of sight.

The gods who knew the noblest part,
In love sought not the mind but heart ;
And when hurt by the winged boy,
What they admir'd they did enjoy :
Knowing a kindness Love could prove,
The hope, reward, and cure of Love.

I'll rather my affections keep,
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in sleep ;
Than cast away an hour of care,
On any 'cause she's only fair :
Nay sleep more pleasing dreams do move,
Than are your waking ones of Love.

The frensie's less Love to endure,
Then after to decline the cure ;
Yet you do both, aiming no higher,
Than for to see and to admire :
An Idol you'll not only frame,
But you will too adore the same.

Had there in *Sylvia* nothing shin'd,
But the unseen charms of her mind ;
You would have had the like esteem,
For her that I have still for them :
If flesh and blood your flame inspire,
Than make those only your desire.

And friend that you may clearly prove,
'Tis not her mind alone you love ;
Let her 'twixt us her self impart,
Give you her mind, and me her heart :
As little cause then you will find,
As I do now to love her Mind.

Cælia's Complaint.

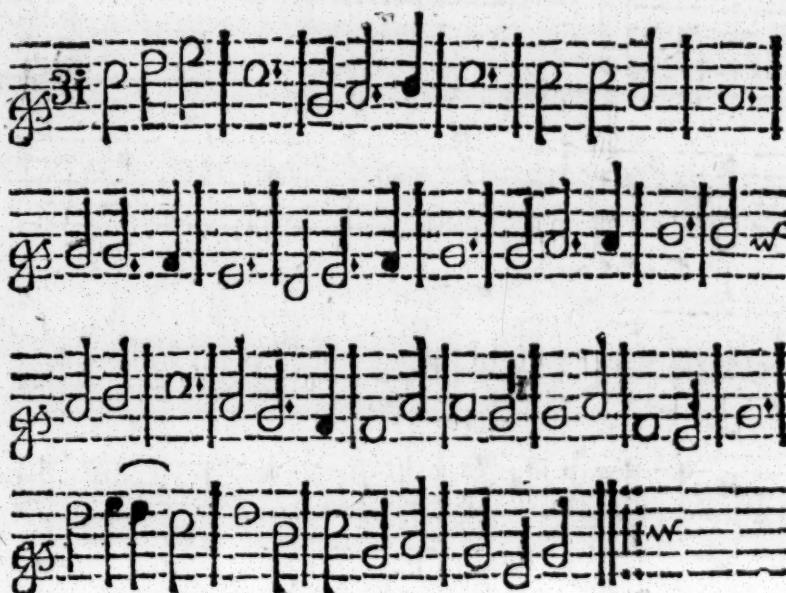


Poor *Cælia* once was very fair
A quick bewitching Eye she had ;
Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,
Her dainty Cheek would make you mad ;
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her Breast ten Thousand (Thousand) Cupids lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
From Seventeen to Twenty one ;
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But she forsooth affected none :
One was not Handsom, th' other was not Fine ;
This of Tabaco smelt, and that of Wine.

But t'other day it was my fate,
To walk along that way alone ;
I saw no Coach before her gate,
But at her door I heard her mone ;
She dropt a Tear and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies, Marry, Marry while you May.

Amyntor's Welladay.



Chloris now thou art fled away,
Amyntor's sheep are gone astray ;
And all the joy he took to see,
His pretty Lambs run after thee,
Is gon, is gon, and he alone,
Sings nothing now but welladay (welladay.)

His Oaten pipe that in thy praise,
Was wont to play such rundelays :
Is thrown away, and not a Swain,
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain ;
'Tis death for any one to say,
One word to him, but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little feet,
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down, and no content,
Comes near Amyntor since you went :
All that I ever head him say,
Was Chloris, Chloris, welladay.

Up.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head ;
And whisper'd there such pining woe ;
As not a blade of Grass will grow .

O Chloris ! Chloris ! come away,
And hear Amyntor's Welladay.

A Lady to a young Courtier.



L Ove thee ! good Sooth, Not I,
I've somewhat else to do ;
Alas ! you must go Learn to talk,
Before you Learn to woo :
Nay fie, stand off, go too, go too.

Because you're in the fashion,
And newly come to Court ;
D'ye think your Cloaths are Orators,
T'invite us to the sport ?
Ha ! ha ! who will not jeer thee for't ?

Ne'er look so sweetly Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Band ;
We know you trim your borrow'd Curls,
To shew your pretty hand :
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go practise how to jeer,
 And think each word a Jeft,
 That's the Court Wit : Alas ! you're out
 To think when finely dreft,
 You pleafe me or the Ladies beft.

And why fo confident ?
 Because that lately we
 Have brought another lofty word,
 Unto our pedigree ?
 Your infide seems the worse to me.

Mark how Sir Whackam foools ;
 I marry there's a Wit,
 Who cares not what he says or fwears,
 So Ladies laugh at it ;
 Who can deny such blades abit ?

A description of Chloris.



H ave you e'er seen the Morning Sun,
From Fair Aurora's bosom run ;
Or have you seen on Flora's Bed,
The essences of White and Red :
Then you may boast, for you have seen,
My Fairer Chloris, Beauties Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful ears,
With the sweet Music of the spheres ?
Have you not heard the Syrens Sing,
Or Orpheus play to Hells black King ?
If so, be happy and rejoice,
For thou hast heard my Chloris voice.

Have you e'er smelt what Chymic skill,
From Rose or Amber doth distill ?
Have you been near that sacrifice,
The Phænix makes before she dies ?
Then you can tell (I do presume)
My Chloris is the Worlds perfume.

Have you e'er tasted what the Bee,
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree,
Or did you ever taste that meet,
Which Poets say the Gods did eat ?
O then I will no longer doubt,
But you have found my Chloris out.

Amyntor's Dream.

A Sad Amyntor in a Meadow lay,
Slumbring upon a Bed of new-made Hay ;
A Dream, a fatal dream unlock'd his eyes,
Whereat he wakes, and thus Amyntor cry's :
Chloris where art thou Chloris ? Oh ! she's fled,
And left Amyntor to a loathed Bed.

Hark ! how the Winds conspire with storm and rain,
To stop her Course and beat her back again :
Hark ! how the Heavens chide her in her way,
For robbing poor Amyntor of his joy ;
And yet she comes not, *Chloris, O ! she's fled,*
And left Amyntor to a loathed Bed.

Come

Come, Chloris, come, see where Amyntor lies,
 Just as you left him but with sadder eyes ;
 Bring back that heart which thou hast stolen from me,
 That Lovers may record thy constancy :
 O ! no, she will not, Chloris O ! she's fled,
 And left Amyntor, &c.

O ! lend me (Love) thy wings that I may fly,
 Into her Bosom, take my leave and die ;
 What comfort have I now i'th' World since she,
 That was my World of joy is gone from me :
 My Love, my Chloris ? Chloris, O ! she's fled,
 And left Amyntor, &c.

Awake Amyntor from this Dream for she,
 Hath too much goodness to be false to thee ;
 Think on her Oaths, her Vows, her Sighs, her Tears,
 And those will quickly satisfie thy Fears :
 No, no Amyntor Chloris is not fled,
 But will return unto thy longing Bed.

A SONG.





Calm was the Ev'ning and clear the Sky,
And the sweet budding Flowers did spring ;
When all alone went Amyntor and I,
To hear the sweet Nightingale sing :
I sate and he laid him down by me,
And scarcely his breath he could draw ;
But when with a fear he began to come near,
He was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
His modesty curb'd his desire ;
But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire :
Ah, *Sylvia* ! said he you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe ;
Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

I knew 'twas his Passion that caused his fear,
And therefore I pitty'd his case ;
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek close to his Face :
But as we grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and saw ;
And straight as our bliss began with a kiss,
He laugh'd out with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

A SONG.



Thus all our lives long we're frolick and gay,
And instead of Court Revels we merrily play.
At Trap and Kettles, at Barly-break run,
At Goff and Stool-ball, and when we have done
These innocent sports, we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green gown.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry ;
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase,
And the little pretry Lark betray with a glass :
And when we have done, &c.

About the May-pole we dance all around,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd ;

Our

Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay,
To the gay Lad, and Bright Lady o'th May;
And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we Kiss and we Toy,
What others but Dream of we daily enjoy ;
With our Sweet-hearts we Dally so long till we find,
Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind,
And when we have done we Laugh and lye down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

A SONG.



WHere ever I am, or what ever I do,
My Phillis is still in my Mind;
When angry I mean not to Phillis to go,
My feet of themselves the way find :
Unknown to my self, I am just at her door,
And when I would Rail I can bring out no more ;
Than Phillis too Fair and unkind,
Than Phillis too Fair and unkind.

When Phillis I see my heart burns in my breast,
And the Love I would stifle is shown ;
But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
When from mine Eyes Phillis is gon :
Sometimes a sweet Dream doth delude my sad mind,
But alas ! when I wake and no Phillis I find ;
Then I sigh to my self all alone !
Then I sigh to my self all alone !

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He should offer his Treasure in vain ;
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phillis again ;
Let Phillis be mind, and ever be kind,
I could to a desart with her be confin'd ;
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my Love,
And she too well knows her own power ;
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom Prove ;
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor Mind,
I had rather Love Phillis both false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her power :
Than ever be freed from her Power.

A SONG.



HOW unhappy a Lover am I,
Whilst I sigh for my *Philis* in vain :
All my hopes of delight are another Man's right ;
Who is happy whilst I am in pain ;
Since her honour affords no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear ;
'Tis the best of your fate, in a hopeless estate,
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain ;
Yet I wish what I hope not to win :
From without my desire has no food to its fire,
But it burns and consumes me within,

Yet

Yet at leaft, tis a comfort to know,
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your suff'ring her own.

O you Pow'rs ! let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'll lie :
I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pit'd by her when I die.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her Love :
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,
When the Souls do meet closer above.

A SONG.



AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
A A Lass was deploring her hapless Estate ;
 In a Languishing posture, poor Maid, she appears,
 All swell'd with her sighs, and blubbr'd with her Tears :
 She Cry'd and she sob'd, and I found it was all,
 For a little of that which Harry gave Dolt.

At last she broke out, Wretched, she said,
 Will not Youth come succour a languishing Maid ?
 With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
 Without which alas, poor I, cannot live !

Shall I never leave sighing, and crying and call,
 For a little of that, &c.

At first when I saw a young Man in the place.
 My colour would fade and then flush in my face ;
 My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
 My breast never popp'd up and down so before :
 I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all,
 For a little of that, &c.

A S O N G.





Beneath a Mirtle shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made ;
I slept, and freight my Love before me brought,
Phillis the object of my waking thought :
Undrest she came my flames to meet,
Whilst Love itrew'd flowers beneath her feet ;
So prest by her became, (became) more Sweet.

From the Bright Visions head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosly spread ;
From her White Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too Brown or Fair :
Her Hands her Lips did Love inspire,
Her very Grace my Heart did Fire ;
But most her Eyes, which Languish'd with Desire.

Ah ! charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my Bliss and yours deny ?
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade,
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made ;
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you and favour me :
You cannot Blush because I cannot see,

No, let me die, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid ;
 Faintly she spoke me-thought for all the while,
 She bid me not believe her with a smile.
 Then die said I, she still deny'd,
 And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd ;
 You use a harmless Maid ! and so she dy'd.

I wak't and straight I knew,
 I Lov'd so well, it made my dreams prove true :
 Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
 Fency had done what *Phillis* would not do,
 Ah, cruel Nymph cease your disdain,
 While I can dream you scorn in vain,
 Asleep, or waking you must ease my pain.

A SONG.



Methinks the poor town has been troubled too long,
With *Phillis* and *Cloris* in every Song ;
By fools who at once can both Love and Despair,
And will never leave calling them cruel and Fair :
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express,
The truth that I know of my bonny black *Bess*.

This *Bess* of my heart, this *Bess* of my soul,
Has a skin white as Milk, but hair black as a Coal ;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her Waft,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd :
Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the best.

The Plowman and 'Squire, the erranter Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon gown ;
But now she adorns the boxes and pit,
And the proudest Town gallants are forc'd to submit :
All hearts fall a leaping where-ever she comes,
And beat day and nigh, like my Lord—s Drums.

But to those who have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms,
she's gentle and knows how to soften her charms ;
And to every Beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to Lisp, and Trip in her Pace :
And with head on one side, and a Languishing Eye,
To kill us with Looking as if she would die.

A SONG.

O The time that is past,
When she held me so fast ;
And declar'd that her Honour no longer could last ;
When no Light but her Languishing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.

When she sigh'd and unlac'd,
With such Trembling and haft ;
As If she had long'd to be closer imbrac'd,
My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd :
While my Mind was in search of hid Treasure employ'd.

My heart set on fire,
With the flames of desire ;
I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require,
But she cry'd for pitty-sake, change your ill Mind :
Pray Amyntas be Civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear Amyntas she cry's,
Then casts down her eyes ;
And in Kisses she gives what in Words she deny's ;
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
Till her free Consent had more sweetned the prey.

But

But too late I begun,
 For her passion was done;
 Now *Amyntas*, she crys, I will never be won:
 Your tears and your courtship no pity can move;
 For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.

Dorinda *Lamenting the loss of her Amyntas.*



Adieu

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

A Dieu to the pleasures and follies of Love,
 For a Passion more noble my fancy does move ;
 My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
 In sorrowful notes my *Amintas* his name :
 The wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me complain,
 Thou never shalt see thy *Amintas* again ;
 For Death has befriended him,
 Fate has defended him :
 None, none alive is so happy a swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs, that have danc'd to his lays,
 Come help me to sing fourth *Aminta's* his praise ;
 No Swain for the Garland durst with him dispute,
 So sweet were his Notes while he sang to his Lute :
 Then come to his Grave and your kindness pursue,
 To weave him a Garland of Cypress and Yew ;
 For Life hath forsaken him,
 Death hath o'er taken him :
 No Swain again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched estate,
 I lost him too soon and I lov'd him too late ;
 You Echoes and Fountains my witnesses prove,
 How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love :
 And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
 This favour I never will cease to implore ;
 That now I may go above,
 And there enjoy my Love ;
 Then, then I never will part with him more.

The Town Gallant.



The



Let us Drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoyce,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;

The

The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasures uncertain then down with your dust ;
In frolicks dispose your Pounds Shillings and Pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence :

We'll Kiss and be free with *Moll, Betty, and Nelly,*
Have Oysters and Lobsters and Maids by the belly ;
Fish Dinners will make a Las's Spring like a flea,
Dame *Venus* (*Love's Goddess*) was born of the Sea :
With *Bacchus* and with her we'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honesty sels for a Hogo of Honour ; (dor,
Whose Lightness and Brightness doth shine in such splen-
That none but the Stars are thought fit to attend her :
Though now She be Pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable Mouldy a Hundred years hence.

The Userer that in the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his plenty ;
Lays up for a Season which he shall ne'er see,
The year of one Thousand eight Hundred and three :
His Wit and his Wealth, his Learning and sense,
Shall be turned to nothing a Hundred years hence.

Your Chancery Lawyer, who by subtilty thrives,
In spinning out Suits to the length of three Lives ;
Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in slavery,
Whilst pleader makes Conscience a Cloak for his Knavery :
May boast of Subtilty in th' Present Tence,
But *Non est inventus* a Hundred years hence.

Then why should we Turmoil in Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears ;
Let's Eat Drink and Play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain that *post mortem nulla Voluptas*,
Let's deal with our Damsels that we may from thence,
Have Broods to succeed us a Hundred years hence.

A SONG.



Let's Love and let's Laugh,
Let's Dance and let's sing,
While shrill Echoes ring;
Our Wishes agree,
And from Care we are free;
Then who is so happy, so happy as we?

We'll press the soft Grass,
Each Swain with his Lass,
And follow the chace;
When weary we be,
We'll sleep under a Tree:
Then who is so happy, &c.

By Flatt'ry or Fraud
No Shepherd's betray'd;
Or cheats the fond Maid;
No false subtle Knee,
To deceive us we see:
Then who is so happy, &c.

We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor,
That wish for no more;
Some Richer may be,
And of higher degree:
But none are so happy, &c.

A SONG.



Let the daring Advent'rous be toss'd on the Main,
 And for Riches no Danger decline;
 Tho' with Hazard the spoils of both Indies they gain,
 They can bring us no Treasure like Wine:
 Tho' with Hazzard the Spoils of both Indies they gain,
 They can bring us no Treasure like Wine.

Enough of such wealth would a Beggar enrich,
 And supply great wants in a King;
 I would smooth all the griefs of a comfortless Wretch,
 And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
 I would smooth, &c.

There's none that groans under a burdensome Life,
 If this Sovereign Balsom he gains;
 This will make a man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
 And of Rags and Diseases in chains.
 This will make, &c.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind ;
There's no Peasant so Rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joys can bewitch,
For on earth 'tis a power that's Divine ;
Without it were wretched, though never so Rich,
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.

A SONG.



Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Pastora's Beauties when unblown,
 E're yet the tender Bud did cleave,
 To my more early Love were known,
 Their fatal Power I did perceive :
 How often in the dead of Night,
 When all the World lay hush'd in sleep ;
 Have I thought this my chief delight,
 To sigh for you, for you to Weep.

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of White,
 No Letter yet did ever stain :
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
 The Fair Pastora here must Reign :
 Her Eyes, those darling Suns shall prove,
 Thy Love to be of noblest race ;
 Which took its flight so far above,
 All Humane things on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise,
 A Love that was infus'd by you ;
 You gave Breath to its infant sighs,
 And all its Griefs that did ensue :
 The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain ;
 Now shew the power you have to heal,
 And take away the tott'ring pain.

A SONG.





Hail to the Myrtle shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Field;
Kings will not here invade,
Tho' Vertue all freedom yields,
Beauty here opens her arms,
To soften the languishing Mind;
And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms:
Ah *Phillis!* ah! why so kind?

Phillis the Soul of Love,
The Joy of the Neighbouring Swains;
Phillis that Crowns the Groves,
And *Phillis* that gilds the Plains:
Phillis that ne'er had the skill,
To Paint or to Patch, or be fine;
Yet *Phillis*, whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis whose charming Tongue,
Mokes Labour and Pain a delight:
Phillis that makes the Day young,
And shortens the livelong night:
Phillis Whose lips like may,
Stll laugh at the sweets that they bring,
Where Love never knew decay,
But sets with eternal spring.

The Claret Bottle.

A Pox of the fooling and Plotting of late,
 What a pother and stir has it kept in the state?
 Let the Rable run mad with Suspicions and fears,
 Let 'em Scuffle and Jarr 'till they go by the Ears:
 Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
 So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease,
 And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass;
 At old Tyburn they never had needed to Swing,
 Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and their King:
 A Friend and a Bottle is all my design,
 Has no room for Treason that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not the Menders and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as his Majesty please ;
Let 'em Damn us to Wollen, I'll never repine,
At my Lodging when Dead so Alive I have Wine :
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
To curse 'em for making my Claret so Dear.

I mind not grave Ailes, who idly debate,
About Right Succession, the trifles of state ;
We've a good King already, and he deserves Laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after :
Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be,
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the Hollander go,
Or intrigues betw'xt Sidney and Monsieur d' Avaux ;
What concern's it my drinking if Cassil be sold,
If the conqueror takes it by storming or Gold :
Good Bourdeaux alone is the place that I mind,
And when the fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of France, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and ventring his own ;
Let him fight and be damn'd and make Matches and treat,
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House Chat :
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a Thousand times happier then he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come Faggot or Stake I care not a Groat ;
Never think that in Smithfield I Porters will beat,
No I swear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that :
I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the profession that never will alter.

A SONG.



Ranging the Plain one Summers night,
 To pass a vacant hour;
 I fortunately chanc'd to light,
 On lovely *Phillis Bow'r*:
 The Nymph adorn'd with Thousand Charms,
 In expectation sate;
 To meet those Joys in *Strephon's Arms*,
 Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
Her Breast did gently rise ;
That e'ry Lover might have read,
Her wishes in her Eyes :
At e'ry breath that mov'd the Trees,
She suddenly would start ;
A cold on all her body seiz'd,
A trembling on her heart.

But he that knew how well she lov'd,
Beyond his hour had stay'd ;
And both with fear and anger mov'd
The Melancholy Maid :
Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore,
He would be here by One ;
But now alas ! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.

A SONG.



THe Night her blackest Sable wore,
 And gloomy were the Skies ;
 And glitt'ring Stars that were no more,
 Than those in *Stella's* eyes :
When at her Father's Gate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been ;
 And shrowded only with her Smock,
 The Fair one let me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
 She trembling lay ashame'd ;
 Her swelling Breast, and glowing face,
 And every touch inflam'd :
My eager Passion I obey'd,
 Revolv'd the Fort to win ;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd,
 To yeild and let me in.

Then ! then ! beyond expressing,
 Immortal was the joy ;
Iknew no greater blessing,
 So great a God was I :
And she transported with delight,
 Oft pray'd me come again ;
And kindly vow'd that every night,
 She'd rise and let me in.

But oh ! at last she prov'd with Bern,
 And sighing sat and dull ;
And I that was as much concern'd,
 Lookt then just like a fool,
 Her lovely Eyes with tears run o'er,
 Repenting her rash Sin ;
She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal Hour,
 That e'er She let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such Beauty part ?
Ilov'd her so, I could not leave,
 The Charmer of my Heart :.

But

But Weed'd and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again ;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour
That e'er she let me in.

On Marriage.

HE that is resolv'd to Wed,
And be by th' Nose, by Women led.
Let him consider't well e'er he be sped ;
For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,
If that she be enclin'd to strife,
Will find a man shrill Musick all his life.
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when she's vext,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

He's sure to have enough of what comes next :
 And by our Grammer Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock or 'tis much bely'd,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried :
 And this convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry mood begins,
 The Husband ne'er wants a sight of's Sins,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Pennance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him steep a Vigil without a Feast ;
 And when's Confession he his framing,
 She will not fail to make's Examen,
 He has nothing else to doe, but to say *Amen.*
He has nothing, &c.

A SONG.

S.
Cho.

A Curse on all Cares,
and Popular Fears,
Come let's to the Bell,
For their Wine there drinks well;
There take of our Glass.
Nay it shall not one pass:

Cho. For we will be dull, and beavn no more,
Since Wine does encrease and there's Claret good here.

Come fill up your Wine,
Look fill it like mine,
Here boys I begin,
A good Health to the King ;
Jack see it go round,
Whilst with mirth we abound :

Cho. For we will be dull and beavy no more,
Since Wine, &c.

Nay don't us deceive,
Why this will you leave ?
The Glass is not big,
What-a-pox you're no Whig ;
Come drink up the rest,
Or be Merry at leaft :

Cho. For we will be dull and beavy no more.
Since Wine, &c.

A SONG.





BElieve me *Jenny* for I tell you true,
These Sighs, these Sobs, these Tears, are all for you;
Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,
When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love?

It's not enough, you cruel Fair,
To slight my Love, negl^{et} my Pain?
At least, that rigid Sentence spare;
Nor say that I first caus'd you to Disdain.

No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,
Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
Let not Dissimulation baser Art,
Stifle the busic^h Passion of your Heart:

Let, let the Candor of your Mind,
Now with your Beauty equal prove;
Which I believe ne'er yet design'd,
The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

A SONG.



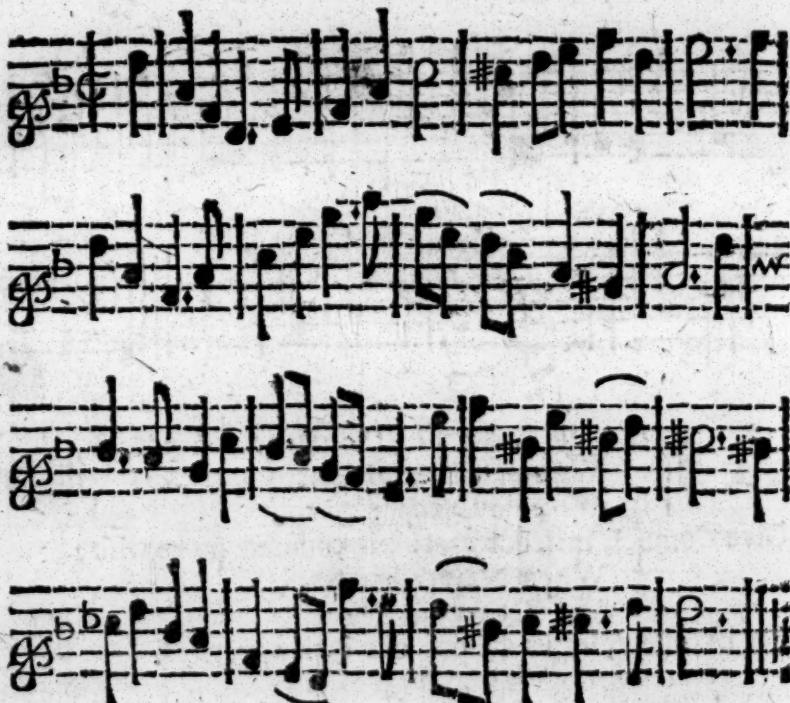
A pox of dull Mortals of the grave and precise,
 Who past the Delight
 We enjoy each night;
 Give Counsel, instruct us, to be counted more wise:
 When Nature excites,
 And Beauty invites,
 Let us follow, let us follow our own appetites.

The brisk vigour of Youth, and fierce heat of our Blood,
 The force of Desires
 Which kind Love inspires,
 Are too powerful Motives, and can't be withstood:
 If Love be a Crime,
 We're yet in our Prime;
 Let's never grow wise, and repent e'er our time.

Then

Then we'll boldly go on whilſt we're lusty and ſtrong,
 Whilſt fit for the Task
 Of a Vizard Mask,
 And ſtill be as happy as ſtill we are young :
 Whilſt the impotent Sot
 Rails curses his Lot,
 And being paſt his Pleaſures, would have 'em forgot?

A SONG.



YE happy Swains whose Nymphs are kind,
 Teach me the Art of love ;
 That I the like ſuccels may find.
 My Shepherdess to move :

Long

Long have I strove to win her Heart,
But yet alas ! in vain ;
For she still acts one cruel part,
Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my breast a Flame most pure,
Consumes my Life away ;
Ten Thousand tortures I endure,
Languishing night and day :
Yet she regardless of my grief,
Looks on her dying Slave ;
And unconcern'd yeilds no relief,
To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime O rigid Fate ?
I'm punish'd so severe ;
Tell me that I may expiate ?
With a repenting Tear :
But if you have resolv'd that I,
No Mercy shall obtain ;
Let her persist in Tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain !

A SONG.





*Composed by Mr William Turner
See Theater of Musick Book 1. 1585.*

MY Life and my Death are both in your pow'r,
I never was wretch'd 'till this cruel Hour ;
Sometimes it is true, you tell me you Love,
But alas ! that's too kind for me ever to prove :
Could you gues with what pain my poor Heart is opprest,
I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me blest.

Distractedly jealous do hourly rove,
Thus fighing and musing, 'tis all for my Love ;
No place I can find that does yeild me relief,
My soul is for ever entangl'd with grief :
But when my kind Stars let me see him (oh then !)
I forgive the cruel Author of all my past Pain.

A SONG.





AS May in all her youthful dress,
My Love so gay did once appear ;
A spring of Charms dwelt on her face,
And Roses did inhabit their :
Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,
Each night new Pleasures did create ;
Harmonious words dropt from her Tongue,
And Cupid on her forehead sate.

But as the Sun to West declines,
The Eastern sky does colder grow ;
And all his blushing looks resigns,
To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below :
While Love was eager brisk, and warm,
My Cloe then was kind and gay ;
But when by time I lost the charm,
Her smiles like Autumn drop'd away.

A SONG.



Weep all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For Strepion's now no more;
Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore.
See, see upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddess stript appears;
They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love that fatal hour,
When this poor Youth was born;
Had sworn by Styx to show his power,
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn:

For

For Strephon's breft he aim'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came ;
He cry'd and shot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my flame.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes ;
He cry'd Remember when I'm dead,
That I deserv'd the Prize :
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, you Love 'tis true ;
You Love perhaps a better Man,
But ah ! he loves not you.

A SONG.



O H Mother, Roger with his Kisses,
 Almost stops my breath I vow !
 Why does he gripe my hand to pieces,
 And yet he says he Loves me too ;
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
 Pray now do, pray now do ?
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
 Pray now, pray now, pray now do ?
 What Roger means when he does so ?
 For never stir I long to know.

Nay more Hauty man beside it,
 Something in my Mouth he put ;
 I call'd him Beast and try'd to bite it,
 But for my Life I cannot do't :
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do, &c.
 For never stir I Long to know.

He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,
 Where I feel I know not what ;
 Something I never felt in yours,
 Pray tell me, Mother, what is that ?
 Tell me, Mother, what is that ?
 For never stir I Long to know.

A SONG.





YOur Gamster provok'd by his loss may forswear,
And Rail against play, yet can never forbear ;
Deluded with Hopes. what is Lost may be Won,
In passion playson, 'till at laft he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond pain,
Of those fatal Wounds, which Love gets by disdaining,
Seduc'd by the Charms of your Looks am drawn in,
To expose my poor heart to those dangers agen.

Clarissa, I live on the hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove;
In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your forces in Arms to destroy me.

My fortune I hope is reserv'd for this caſt,
To make me a Saver for all my Life paſt ;
Be lucky this once Dice ! 'tis all I imp'ore,
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.]

A SONG.

How lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,
When the Spirits are strong, & the Fancy not cloy'd?
We admire every Part, tho' never so plain,
Which when throughly possest, we quickly disdain.

So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,
For when we are at it, we foolishly prate ;
What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit,
But next Morning's Pains our Pleasure do quit.

But Music's a Pleasure, that tires not so soon,
'Tis Pleasant in Morning, 'tis Welcome at Noon ;
'Tis charming at Nights, to sing *Catches* in Parts,
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoices our Hearts.

But Music alone without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine ;
Therefore by consent we'll enjoy them all three,
Wine and Music for you, and the Women for me.

A SONG.



Fairest Work of happy Nature,
Sweet without dissembling Art ;
Kind in evr'y tender Feature,
Cruel only in a Heart :
View the Beauties of the Morning,
Where no sullen Clouds appear :
Graces there, are less adorning,
Than below, when Celia's there.

Ev'ry Tuneful Breast confesses,
Sounds by you improve their Power ;
Ev'ry Tongue in soft addresses,
Humbly tells us his Amour :
Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
Faithful Strepbon ne'er denies ;
Such a Treasure in possessing,
All the Bills of Love supplies.

L

Ye

Yet I see by ev'ry Tryal,
 Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue ;
 Ever finding a Denial,
 Where my softest Love was true :
 But my Heart knows no retreating,
 No decay can ease my pain ;
 Love allows of no defeating,
 Tho' the Prize is sought in vain,

For if e're my Celia's Treasure,
 Must her Virgin Sweets resign ;
 Love shall flow with equal Measure,
 And I'll boldly call her mine :
 Till her Panting Wedding Lover,
 Grown uneasy by my Claim ;
 Leaves me freely to discover
 Golden Coasts without a Name.

A SONG.





Sabina in the dead of Night,
In restless Slumbers wishing lay;
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light,
To loose Desires did lead the way:
I step'd to her Bed-side with bended Knee,
And sure Sabina saw,
And sure Sabina saw,
And sure Sabina saw,
I'm sure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
Which did her whiter Body keep;
But still the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faster she did sleep:
I call'd Sabina softly in her Ear,
And sure Sabina Heard, but would not Hear.

Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all,)
Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy,
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall:
To search for hidden Treasury:
So mov'd my busy hand from Head to Heel.
And sure Sabina felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a wish enjoy,
And she without a Blush receives;
As by dissembling most are Coy,
She by dissembling freely gives:
For you may safely say, nay, swear it too,
Sabina she did hear,
Sabina she did see,
Sabina she did feel,
She did Hear, See, Feel, Sigh, Kiss, and Do.

A SONG.

Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd !
Oh, keep it by the same !
For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possest,
Of what I dare not name.

Though charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will suffice my Flame ;
Love's Infancy on hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give,
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Those Snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
Fanning my raging Flame ;
That Shape so made to imbrac't,
What would I give, I might but taste,
Of what I dare not name !

In Courts I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
And that vain Breath, call'd Fame ;
By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis something more I would obtain,
'Tis that I dare not name.

A SONG.



A Gentle Breeze from the *Lavinian Sea*,
Was gliding o'er the *Coast of Sicily* ;
When lull'd with soft Repose, a Prostrate Maid,
Upon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head :
Her Soul was all Tranquill and smooth with Rest,
Like the Harmonious slumbers of the Blest.

Wrapp'd up in Silence, innocent she lay,
And prest the Flow'r's with touch as soft as they.

My thoughts, in gentleſt Sounds, ſhe did impart,
Heighten'd by all the Graces of that Art ;
And as I Sung, I grasp'd her yeilding Thighs,
Till broken Accents faulter'd into Sighs :
I Kif'd, and Wiſh'd, and Forrag'd, all her Store,
Yet Wallowing in the Pleasure, I was Poor :
No kind Relief my Agonies could eafe,
I Groan'd and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The trembling Nymph all o'er conuision lay,
Her melting Looks in sweet disorder play ;
Her Colour varies, and her Breath's oppreſſ'd,
And all her Faculties are dispoſeſſ'd,
At laſt impetuouſly her Pulſes move ;
She gives mighty looſe to ſtitled Love ;
Then murmurs in a ſoft Complaint, and cries,
Alas ! and thus in ſoft Convulſions dies.

A SONG.

When Money has done what e're it can,
And round about run to Pleaſure a Man,
Whose Life's but a ſpan ;
With Worl'dly Joys, and the Glittering Toys,
Which do make ſuch a Noiſe ;
As confound all advice, that's given by the Wiſe,
And in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Miferies,
And there to leave him.

Then the World which before,
For his ſtore did adore him.
Streight ſeems afraid of one decay'd ;
And him upbraid of the Wealth,
Which each by's Trade did before deceiver him ;
But when the Mortal ſees his own undoing,
Finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a going.

Then

Then he sighs and moans,
And then he pines and groans ;
At last he Craves, his Friends deny,
At which he Raves, and swears he'll Die,
And thus he cries,
He ne'er was wise,
Untill in Misery he dies ;
And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies,
Fare him well for evermore, *Amen.*

A SONG.

Pretty *Armida* will be kind,
When at her feet you prostrate lie ;
No cruel Looks was e'er design'd,
To dwell within her charming Eye :
Gaze on her Face and ev'ry Part,
That is exposed to your view ;
You'll presently conclude her Heart,
To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,
You may not think that without Pain ;
And some attendance on her Will,
So rich a Prize you shall obtain :
Wooers like angling Men must wait,
Womans time and give them play ;
'Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
Before she will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armida's* Looks be kind,
And you read Yielding in her Eyes ;
Yet you alas ! may quickly find,
Those Charms do nought but tantalize :
Her Heart may not so easie be,
As you imagin but may prove ;
As hard as Adamant to thee,
And proof against the Darts of Love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
Make tryal of, Sir, if you please ;
Tell her, you are her captive Slave,
And beg of her Relief and ease ;
But she'll not hear you for she spies,
That underneath your gilded Bait,
A crafty Hook incloſed lies,
So from your Angle she'll retreat.

A SONG.



I Saw the Lass whom Dear I lov'd,
Long Sighing and Complaining;
While me she shunn'd and Disprov'd,
Another entertaining:
Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free,
No favour she refus'd him;
Judge how unkind she was to me,
While she so kindly us'd him!

His Hand her milk-white Bubby Press'd,
A Bliss worth Kings desiring;
Ten Thousand times he Kiss'd her Breast,
The Snowy Mounts admiring:

226 *Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
 That to such passion mov'd him ;
 She clapp'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
 To shew, she well approv'd him.

The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,
 And swell'd my Heart with Passion ;
 Which like my love, could not be tam'd,
 Nor had Consideration :

I beat my Breast and tore my Hair,
 On my hard Fate complaining ;
 That plung'd me into deep Despair,
 Because of her disdaining.

Ah, cruel *Moggy* ! then I cry'd,
 Will not my Sorrows move you ?
 Or if my Love must be deny'd,
 Yet give me leave to love you :
 And then frown on, and still be coy,
 Your constant Swain despising ;
 For 'tis but just you should destroy,
 What is not worth your Prizing.

A SONG.





A Soldier and a Sailer, a Tinker and a Taylour,
Had once a doubtful figise, Sir,
To Make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whose name was Buxome Joan,
Whose name was Boxome Joan:
For now the time was ended.
When she no more intended,
To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lie a nights a lone,
And lie a nights a lone.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more then plunder;
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With Fighting for her sake.
The Taylour thought to please her,
With offering her his Measure;
The Tinker too with Mettle;
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,
The Sailer slyly waiting;
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they shou'd all fall out, Sir;
He then might play his part;
And just e'en as he Ment, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A SONG to a Minuet Tune.

If you will love me, be free in Expressing it,
 And hence-forth give me no cause to complain ;
 Or if you hate me be plain in confessing it,
 And in few Words put me out of my pain :
 This long delaying, with Sighing and Praying,
 Breeds only decaying in Life and Amore ;
 Cooing and Wooing,
 And daily Pursuing,
 Is Damn'd silly Doing, therefore I'll give o'er.

If you'll propose a kind Method of Ruling me,
 I may return to my Duty again ;
 But if you stick to your old way of Fooling me,
 I must be Plain I am none of your Men :
 Passion for passion, on each kind occasion,
 With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire ;
 But Tedious Prating,
 Coy folly debating,
 And new doubts creating, still makes it expire.

The Answer, to the same Minuet Tune.

You Love and yet when I ask you to Marry me,
 Still have recourse to the tricks of your Art;
 Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me.
 Yet the same time make a pass at my Heart:

Fye Fie Deceiver,
 No longer endeavour,
 Or think this way ever the Fort will be won;
 No fond carefing,
 Must be, nor unlacing,
 Or tender embracing, till th' Parson has done.

Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
 Pleasing their Humours to Rail at their Wives;
 Others Declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
 Comforts destroyer and Plague of their lives:

Some are affirming,
 A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
 And yet with the Bait tho' not Prison agree;
 Ventrug that Chouse you,
 Must let me espouse you,
 If e're, my dear Mouse you will nibble at me.

A SONG.



Ye



YE Nymphs and *Sylvan* Gods
That Love green Fields and Woods,
When Spring newly born,
Her self does adorn,
With Flowr's and Blooming Buds ;
Come Sing in the praise,
Whilst Flocks do graze,
In yonder pleasant Vale,
Of those that choose,
Their sleeps to lose,
And in cold Dews
With clouted Shooes,
Do carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddess of the Morn,
With blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh Air ;
Whilst Linnets prepare
▲ Confort on each green Thorn,
The Ouse and Thrush,
On every Bush ;
And the Charming Nightingale
In merry Vein,
Their Throats do strain,
To entertain
The Jolly train
That carry the Milking Pail.

When

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

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When cold bleak winds do roar,
And Flow'rs can spring no more,
 The Fields that were seen,
 So pleasant and green,
By Winter all candid o'er :
 Oh ! how the Town Lass,
 Looks with her White face,
And her lips of deadly Pale ;
 But it is not so,
 With those that go,
 Through Frost and Snow,
 With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.

The Miss of Courtly Mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
 With Washes and Paint,
 Her skin does so Taint,
She's Wither'd before she's old :
 Whilst she in Commode,
 Put's on a Cart-load,
And with Cushions Plumps her Tail ;
 What Joys are found,
 In Ruffet Gown :
 Young, Plump, and round,
 And sweet and sound,
That carry the Milking Pail.

The Girls of *Venus* game,
That venture Health and Fame:
 In practising Feats,
 With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame,
 If Men were so wise,
 To value the Price,
Of the Wares most fit for sale,
 What store of Beaus,
 Would Daub their Cloaths,
 To save a Nose,
 By following those,
That carry the Milking-Pail.

A SONG.

Chloe found Amyntas lying,
All in Tears upon the Plain ;
Sighing to himself and crying,
Wretched I to love in vain !
Kiss me, Kiss me, Dear, before my Dying ;
Kiss me once and ease my Pain.

Sighing to himself and Crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain :
Ever Scorning and Denying,
To reward your Faithful Swain :
Kiss me, Dear, before my Dying,
Kiss me once and ease my Pain.

Ever Scorning and Denying,
To reward your Faithful Swain :

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he Lov'd in vain ;
Kiss, me Dear before my Dying,
Kiss, me once and ease my pain,

Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;
But repenting and complying,
When He Kiss'd, She Kiss'd again :
Kiss'd him up before his Dying,
Kiss'd him up and eas'd his pain,

A SONG.
Printed in Delicate Musicae 13K3.
1696.



Twas



Was within a Furlong of *Edinboroug'b* Town,
 In the Rosie time of year when the Grass was down ;
 Bonny *Jockey* Blith and Gay,
 Said to *Jenny* making Hay ;
 Let's sit a little (Dear) and Prattle,
 'Tis a Soultry Day :
 He long had Courted the Black-Brow'd Maid,
 But *Jockey* was a Wagg and would ne'er consent to Wed ;
 Which made her Pish and Phoo, and cry out it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, Monnot buckle too.

He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joke,
 And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrel Folk,
 Yet, my dear, thou shouldest prevail,
 But I know not what I ail,
 I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs,
 With Bottles at their Tail ;
 But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
 And a pretty Filly-Poal, to Ride out and take the Air,
 If thou ne'er wilt Pish nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er shall do,
 I cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she I believe,
 But ah ! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give,
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone,
 I must gang to *London* Town,
 And Roar, and Rant, and Patch and Paint,
 And Kiss for half a Crown ;
 Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,
 And earn an hated Living in an Odious Fulsom way ;
 No, no it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

A SONG.



MAn, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man;
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Scabbard for the Blade,
As for digging is the Spade,
As for Liquor is the Can,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter to be sway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, &c.

Be she Widow, Wife or Maid,
Be she Wanton, be she Stay'd,
Be she Well, or Ill Array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan.
Yet Man, &c.

A SONG.

Take not a Womans Anger ill,
But let this be your comfort still;
This be your comfort still,
That if one won't another will:
Tho' she that's foolish does Deny,
She, she that is Wiser will Comply,
And if 'tis but a Woman what care I,
What care I, what care I,
If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to swear untrue,
And Sigh, and Weep, and Whine, and Woe,
As all out simple Coxcoinbs do;
All Women love it, and tho' this,
Does sullenly forbid the Bliss,
Try but the next you cannot miss.

A SONG.



Sawney is a Bonny, Bonny Lad
 But Sawny Keeps it well ;
 And Sawny might a Boon have had,
 But Sawny loves to tell :
 He Weens that I mun love him soon,
 Gin Lovers now are rare ;
 But I'd as lif have none,
 As one whom twanty, twanty share.

When anent your Love you come,
 Ah ! Sawny were you true ;
 What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
 I ne'er could gang from you :
 Yet still my Tongue do what I can,
 With muckle woe denies ;
 Wa's me when once we like a Man,
 It boots not to be wise.

A SONG.



YOUNG I am and unskill'd,
How to make a Lover yield ;
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to Love, and when to Feign :
Take me, take me some of you,
While I yet am young and true ;
E're I can my Soul disguise,
Heave my Breast, (heave my Breast,) and rowl my Eyer.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray ;
He that loves me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest :
Cou'd I find a Blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth ;
Brisk and of a Fantee Meen,
I shou'd long, (I shou'd long) to be Fifteen.

A SONG to a Ground of Mr. Soloma Eccles.

STUBBORN CHURCH-DIVISION,
FOLLY AND AMBITION,
CAUS'D WITH GREAT DERISION,
POOR ENGLAND'S SAD CONDITION;

PRINCES LEAVE THEIR STATIONS, BY STRANGE AbdICATIONS:

NEW ONES COME TO EASE US,
YET NOTHING E'ER CAN PLEASE US,

HAPPY'S THE MAN THEN THAT SHUN'S THE GREAT,
THAT PLEASETH HIMSELF IN A RURAL STATE.

WITH EASE AND IN A SWEET RETREAT,
AVOIDS ALL JARRS AND FACTION,

IN HIS SMALL DOMINIONS,
VENTS NO FALSE OPINIONS,

NOR DESERTS THE TRUE, FOR PAPIST, OR SOCINIAN,
BUT SITS DOWN, WITH HIS FRIENDS AROUND,

WHILST THE GLASS IS CROWN'D;
AND THE HEALTHS ABOUND,

TO THE KING AND QUEEN THE BEST IN THE TOWN.

THE FLEET OR ARMIES ACTION,
ARGUES STILL WITH REASON,
SPEAKS NOR HEARS NO TREASON,
NOR ARRAIGNS THE SENSE,

OF FIVE HUNDRED HEADS TO PLEASE ONE:
PLAINTIFF OR DEFENDANTS,

NE'ER GET HIS ATTENDANCE.

HE WISHES WELL TO ALL, THAT ARE AT WHITE-HALL,
BUT HE LOYES NO COURT DEPENDANCE.

BOOKS ADMires WHEN WITTY,
GOOD MUSIC AND A DITTY,

AND TAKES A SPOUSE, TO ADORN HIS HOUSE,
THAT'S RICH AND KIND, AND PRETTY;

MERRY, MERRY, ALL MERRILY DISCARDS ALL SORROW,
WARILY DOES NEVER, NEVER LEND NOR BORROW,

GENEROUSLY ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS TO DAY,
AND IS THE SAME TO MORROW.

Words by P. A. Motteux. The tune
by S. Ackroyd. A SONG.



[*Pish must only be utter'd not sung.]

Jocky. Fairst Jenny ! thou mun love me,
Jenny. Troth, my bonny Lad, I do :
Jocky. Gin thou say'ft, thou dost approve me,
Dearest thou mun Kiss me too :
Jenny. Take a Kiss or twa, or twa gude Jocky,
But I dare give nean I trow :
Fye ! nay ! * Pish be not unlucky !
Wed me first, and aw will do.

Jocky. For aw Fife and Lands about it,
Ize not yeild thus to be bound ;
Jenny. Nor I Lig by thee without it,
For twa Hundred Thousand Pound :
Jocky. Thou wilt die if I forsake thee,
Jenny. Better die, than be undone ;
Jocky. Gin 'tis so, come on, Ize tauk thee,
'Tis too cauld to lig alone.

A SONG.



Great Jove once made Love like a Bull, (a Bull,)
 With *Leda* a Swan was in vogue ;
 And to persevere in that Rule, (that Rule,)
 He now does descend like a Dog :
 For when I to *Celia* would speak,
 And on her Breast figh what I mean ;
 My Heart-Strings are ready to break,
 For there I find Monsieur *Le Chien*, (*Le Chien*,
Le Chien, Monsieur, Monsieur *Le Chien*.)

For knowledge of Modish Intrigues,
Or Managing well an Amour ;
I desie any one with two Legs.
But here I am Rival'd by four :
Distracted all night with my Wrongs,
I cry, Cruel Gods ! what d'ye mean !
That what to my Merit belongs,
You bestow upon Monsieur *Le Chien* !

For Feature or Niceness in Dress,
Compare with him surely I can ;
Nor vainly my self should express,
To say, I am much more a Man :
To th' Government firm too as he,
The former I cunningly Mean ;
And if he Religious can be,
I've as much sure as Monsieur *Le Chien*.

But what need I Publish my Parts,
Or idly my Passion relate ;
Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts,
Resolves not to alter my Fate :
I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
And make a long Court *Auss bien* ;
And yet with one Passionate Lick,
I'm out-rivall'd by Monsieur *Le Chien*.

A SONG.

Words by Sterry, Music by Tollet.



B Onny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,
 Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have now no pow'r;
 Whilst my Joy, my dear Peggy, is gone,
 And Wedded quite from me, will Love no more:
 My gude Friends that do ken my Grief.
 With Song and Story a cure would find;
 But alas! they bring no relief,
 For Peggy still runs in my Mind.

When I visit the Park or Play,
 They aw without Peggy a Desart seem;
 She's before my Eyes aw the day,
 And aw the long night too she haunts my Dream:
 Sometimes fancying a Heav'n's of Charms,
 I wake, and rob'd of my dear Delight,
 Find she lies in another's Arms,
 Ah! then 'tis she kills me out right.

A SONG.



Come Sweet Lass,
This bonny Weather,
Let's together;
Come sweet Lass,
Let's trip it on the Grass:
Ev'ry where,
Poor Jockey seeks his Dear,
And unless you appear,
He sees no Beauty hear.

On our Green,
The Loons are Sporting,
Piping, Courting;
On our Green,
The Blitheſt Lads are ſeen:
There all Day,
Our Lasses Dance and Play,
And ev'ry one is Gay,
But I when you're away.

A SONG.



W Hy does Willy shun his Dear,
 Why is he never here?
 My tender Heart to Chear?
 Why, why does Willy shun his Dear,
 And leave his own poor Jenny Weeping?
 Shall I never see him more,
 But live in mickle Care,
 In Sorrow and Despaire?
 Shall I never, never see him more,
 But in my Dream when I am Sleeping?

Once he ne'er could gang away,
 But here the Lad wou'd stay ;
 Still Bonny, Blith, and Gay,
 Once he ne'er cou'd gang away,
 But all the day he wou'd be Sueing,
 But when he had got a Boon,
 Oh then the Naughty Loon,
 In mickle haft was gone ;
 But when he, when he had got a Boon,
 There was an end of Willy's Wooing.

A SONG.



D'E'l take the War that hurri'd *Willy* from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn ;
 They made him Captain sure to undoe me,
 Woe is me he'll ne'er return :
 A Thousand Loons a-broad will fight him,
 He from Thousands ne'er will run ;
 Day and Night I did invite,
 To stay safe from the Sword and Gun.

I us'd alluring Graces,
 With Muckle kind Embraces,
 Now Sighing, then Crying, Tears droping fall ;
 And had he my soft Arms,
 Preferr'd no Wars Alarms,
 By Love grown mad, without the man of Gad,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I Wash'd and Patch'd to make me look provoking,
 Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men ;
 And on my Head a huge Commode sat Cocking,
 Which made me shew as Tall agen :
 For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,
 Which with golden Flowers did shine ;
 My love well might think me Gay and Bonny,
 No Scorch Lass was e'er so Fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted,
 Fringe too with Thread I knotted ;
 Lace Shoes and Silk Hose garter full over Knee.
 But oh ! the fatal thought,
 To Willy these are nought,
 Who rid to Towns and Rifled with Dragoons,
 When he silly Loon might have Plunder'd me :

A S O N G.



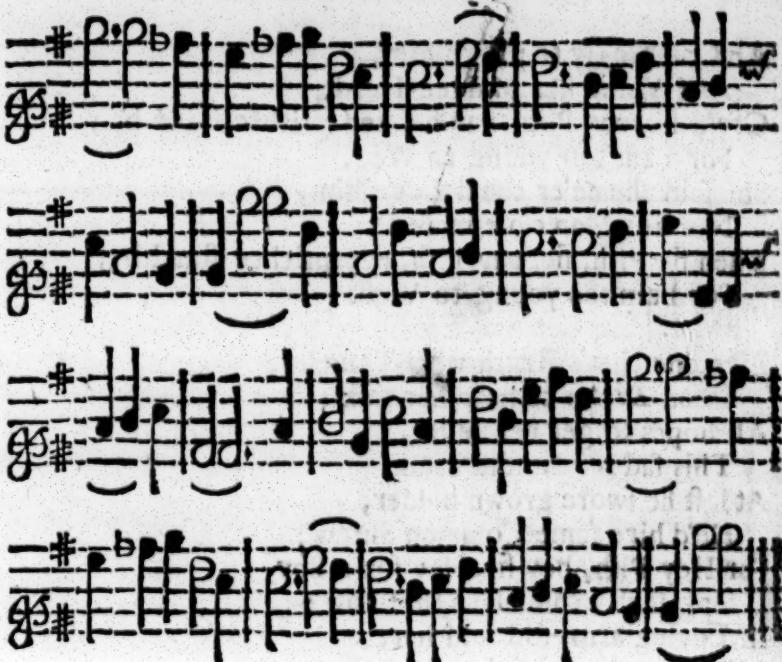


THe Bonney grey Ey'd Morn began to peep,
When *Jockey* rowz'd with Love came blithly on,
And I who wishing lay depriv'd of sleep,
Abhorr'd the lazy Hours that slow did run ;
But nuckle were my joys when in my view
I from my window spied my only dear,
I took the wings of Love and to him flew,
For I had fancy'd all my heav'n was there.

Upon my Bosom *Jockey* laid his Head,
And sighing told me pritty Tales of Love ;
My yeilding Heart at ev'ry word he said,
Did Flutter up and down and strangely move.
He sigh'd, he Kiss'd my Hand, he vow'd and swore,
That I had o'er his Heart a conquest gain'd ;
Then Blushing begg'd that I wou'd grant him more,
Which he alas too soon, too soon obtain'd.

A SONG.





, T'Was when the Sheep were Shearing,
And under the Barly Mow ;
Dick gave to *Doll* a Fairing,
As she had milk'd her Cow :
Quoth he, I fain would Wed thee,
And tho' I cannot Wooo ;
I've Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for a Boy,
Sing shall I come Kiss thee now :
Sing, ah ! shall I come, shall I come Kiss thee now ?
I long Sweet-Heart to Bed thee,
And Merrily Buckle too ;
With Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and Hey for a Boy,
Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now ,
Sing, ah ! shall I come, shall I come Kiss thee now ?

Doll seem'd not to regard him,
As if she did not care ;
Yet Simper'd when she heard him,
Like any Millers Mare :

And cunningly to prove him,
 And Value her Maiden-Head,
 Cry'd fie, nay Pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by ;
 For I am too young to Wed,
 She said she ne'er cou'd Love him,
 Nor any Man close in Bed :
 Then fie Pish, fie, nay Pish, nay prithee stand by,
 For I am too young to Wed.

Like one that's struck with Thunder,
 Stood Dickey to hear her talk ;
 All hopes to get her under,
 This sad resolve did baulk,
 At last he swore grown bolder,
 He'd hire some Common Shrew :
 For Hey Pish, hey fie, Hey for a Boy,
 Sing shall I come Kiss thee now ;
 In Loving arms did fold her,
 E'er Sneak, and Cring, and Cry :
 With Hey Pish, Hey fie, Hey for a Boy,
 Sing shall I come Kiss thee now.

Convinc'd of her Coy Folly,
 And stubborn Female Will ;
 Poor Doll grew Melancholly,
 The Grift went by her Mill :
 I hope she cry'd you're Wiser,
 Than Credit what I have said ;
 Tho' I do cry nay fie, and Pish, and prithee stand by,
 That I am too young to Wed :
 Bring you the Church adviser,
 And dress up the Bridal Bed ;
 Than try tho' I cry, fie and Pish, and prithee stand by,
 If I am too young to Wed.

A SONG.



Jockey was a dawdy Lad,
And Femmy swarth and Tawney;
They my Heart no Captive made,
For that was Prize to Sawney:
Jockey Woes and Sighs and Sues,
And Femmy offers Money;
Weel I see they both love me,
But I love only Sawney.

Jockey high his Voice can raise,
And Femmy tunes the Viol;
But when Sawney Pipes sweet Lays,
My Heart kens no denial:
One he Sings and to'thers Strings;
Tho' sweet yet only reize me,
Sawney's Flute, can only do't,
And Pipe a Tune to Please me;

A SONG.



This is to be Sung only at the end of the first and last Verse.



The Sun was just Setting, the Reaping was done,
And over the Common I tript it alone,
Then whom shou'd I meet, but young Dick of our Town,
Who swore e'er I went, I shou'd have a Green-Gown;

He

He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He Push'd me I Tumbl'd,
He Kiss'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on;

Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

These 4 lines are only Sung at the end of the 1. and last Verse.

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rump'l'd,
Worse Tumbl'd, and Jumb'l'd,
Where ever, where ever I go.

Before an old Justice I Summon'd the Spark,
And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark ;
He pull'd out his Inkhorn, and ask'd me his Fee,
You now shall relate the whole business (quoth he.)
He prest me, &c.

The Justice then came, and tho' Grave was his Look,
Seem'd to wish I wou'd Kiss him instead of the Book ;
He whisper'd his Clark then, and leaving the place,
I was had to his Chamber to open my Case.

He Prest me, &c.

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint,
He look'd like a *Bacchus*, but Preach'd like a Saint ;
He said we shou'd soberly Nature refresh,
Then Nine times he urg'd me to humble the Flesh,
He Prest me I stumbl'd,
He Push'd me, I Tumbl'd,
He Kiss'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on,

Then rose and went from me, as soon as he'd done.

If he be not Hamper'd for serving me so,

May I be worse Rump'l'd,
Worse Tumbl'd, and Jumb'l'd,
Where ever, where ever I go.

A SONG, on Bartholomew Fair.

B Onny Lads and Damsels,
Your welcome to our Booth ;
We'er now come here on purpose,
Your fancies for to sooth ;
No heavy Dutch Performers,
Amongst us you shall find,
We'll make your Lads good humour'd,
And Lasses very kind :
Your Damsens and Filberds,
You're welcome here to Crack,
But a Glass of merry Sack Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.

You

You may Range about the Fair,
New Tricks and Sights to see;
And when your Legs are weary,
Pray come again to me:
There's Thread-bare Holofernes,
Whom Judith long hath slain,
With Guy of Warwick, St. George,
And Rosamonds Fair Dame,
You'll find some pretty Puppets too,
With many a Nickey Nack,
But a Glass of Jolly Sack Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.

The Houses being low too,
Some Players hither come;
But if my Stars deceive men not,
They soon will know their Doom:
There's other petty Strowlers,
That Crowd upon us here;
That may have Booths to let too,
Before their time I fear:
All these may Prate and Talk much,
Show Tricks and Bounce and Crack;
But here's a Glass of Sack Boys,
That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come sit down then brisk Lads all,
A Bumper to the King;
Old England let's remember,
(May Peace and Plenty spring.)
Let War no more perplex you,
Your Taxes soon will end;
The Soldiers all Disbanded,
And each Man love his Friend.
Be Merry then Carouse Boys,
See Drawer what 'tis they lack;
And fetch a Bottle neat Boy,
That's Cordial for the Back.

A SONG on Bacchus.

[Drinking,

SInce their's so small difference 'twixt Drowing and
We'll tipple and pray too like Mariners sinking ;
Whilst they drink Salt-Water, We'll pledge 'em in Wine,
And pay our Devotion at *Bacchus's Shrine*.

*Ob ! Bacchus great Bacchus for ever defend us,
And plentiful Store of good Burgundy send us.*

From censuring the State, and what passes above,
From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-Suits and Love ;
From meddling with Swords, and such dangerous Things,
And handling of Guns in Defiance of Kings.

Ob ! Bacchus, &c.

From riding a Jade that will start at a Feather,
Or ending a Journey with Loss of much Leather ;
From the folly of dying for grief or despair,
With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the Air.

Ob ! Bacchus, &c.

From

From a Usurp's gripe, and from every Man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can ;
From the scolding of Women, and bite of mad Dogs,
And wandering over Wild Irish Boggs.

Ob ! Bacchus, &c.

From Hunger, and Thirst, empty Bottles and Glasses,
From those whose Religion consists in Grimaces ;
From e'er being cheated by Female decoys,
From honouring old Men, and reasoning with Boys.

Ob ! Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome Insects and Flyes,
That think themselves Pretty, or Witty, or Wise ;
From carrying a Quartan for Mortification,
As long as a Ratisbon Consultation.

Ob ! Bacchus, &c.

The Nurses SONG.



MY dear Cock adolle,
My Jewel, my Joy ;
My Darling, my Honey,
My Pretty sweet Boy :
Before I do Rock thee,
With soft Lul-la-by ;
Give me thy sweet Lips,
To be Kiss, Kiss, Kiss, Kiss, Kiss.

Thy Charming high fore-head,
Thy Eyes too like Sloes ;
Thy fine Dimple Chin,
And right Roman Nose :

With

With some pretty marks,
That lie under thy Cloaths ;
Sure thou'l be a rare one,
To Kiss, Kiss, &c.

To make thee grow quickly,
I'll do what I can ;
I'll Feed thee, I'll Stroak thee,
I'll make thee a Man :
Ah ! then how the Lasses,
Moll, Betty and Nan ;
By thee will run mad,
To be Kiss, Kiss, &c.

And when in due season,
My Billy shall Wed ;
And lead a young Lady,
From Church to the Bed :
A Welfare the loosing,
Of her Maiden-Head ;
If *Billy* come near her,
To Kiss, Kiss, &c.

Then Well-fare high Fore-head,
And Eyes Black as Sloes ;
And Wel-fare the Dimple,
And Well-fare the Nose :
And all pretty marks,
That lie under the Cloaths ;
For none is more hopeful,
To Kiss, Kiss, &c.

A SONG.





How long must Woman wish in vain,
A Constant Love to find ;
No Art can Fickle Man retain,
Or fix a Roving Mind :
Thus fondly we our selves deceive,
And empty Hopes pursue ;
Tho' false to others we believe,
They will to us prove true.

But Oh ! the Torment to discern,
A Perjur'd Lover gone ;
And yet by sad experience Learn,
That we must still Love on :
How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,
Who Tread the Maze of Love ;
When most desirous to Retreat,
We know not how to move.

A SONG.

L Ads and Lasses Blith and Gay,
Hear what my Song discloses;
As I one Morning Sleeping lay,
Upon a Bank of Roses :
Willy ganging out his Gate,
By gude luck chanc'd to spy me ;
And pulling Bonnet from his Pate,
He softly lay down by me.

Willy tho' I Muckle Priz'd,
Yet now I wou'd not know him ;
But made a frown my Face disguiz'd,
And from me strove to throw him :
Fondly he still nearer prest,
Upon my Bosom lying ;
His beating Heart too thump'd so fast,
I thought the Loon was Dying.

But

But resolving to deny,
And Angry Passion feigning ;
I often roughly push'd him by,
With words full of disdaining :
Wily baulk'd no favour wins,
But went off discontented ;
But I gude faith for all my Sins,
Ne'er half so much repented.

A SONG.



O H Fie ! what mean I foolish Maid,
In this Remote and Silent shade ;
To meet with you alone :
My heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your friends then mine ;
And both are more your Friends than mine ;
Oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall, I shall, I shall be undone,
Oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I wou'd not fear,
 Or shou'd I meet with Villians here,
 I to some Cave wou'd run :
 But such Inchanting Art you show,
 I cannot strive I cannot go ;
 Oh ! I shall be undone.

Ah ! give your sweet Temptations o'er,
 I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more ;
 What must we yet fool on ?
 Ah ! now I yeild ah ! now I fall,
 Ah ! now I have no breath at all,
 And now I'm quite undone.

A SONG.



Rise

Rise bonny Kate the Sun's got up high,
The Fidlers have play'd their last Merry Tune;
Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em God b'w'y,
And gang to the Wells before 'tis noon.

There to thy Health ize Drink my three Quarts,
Then raffle among the Beauties Divine;
Where tho' some young Fops may chance to loose hearts,
Assure thy self Focky's shall still be thine.

When we come Home we'll Kiss and we'll bill,
And Feast on each other as well as our Meat;
Then saddle our Nags and away to Box-Hill,
And there, there, there consummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,
Smile thou, and for Losses I care not a Pin;
I'll push on my Fortune at Night at the Oak,
And quickly, quickly, quickly recov'r all agen.

For thy Diversion coud'ft thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Or why all this Croud come hither to Drink,
In spite of the Spleen 'twou'd make thee Laugh.

Courtiers and Plow-men, States-men, and Citts,
The Men of the Sword, and Men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punk, the Fools and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

New marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,
Each morning quaff largely in hopes to Conceive;
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,
Still fearing the fall of the Leaf.

Old musty Wives take nine in a hand,
The Maiden takes Five too that's vext with her Greens;
In hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,
When ever she comes to her Teens.

A SONG.



THo' Jockey Sud me long, he met disdain,
 His Tender sighs and Tears were spent in vain ;
 Give o'er said I give o'er,
 Your silly fond Amour :
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er ne'er comply :
 At last he forc'd a Kiss,
 Which I took not amiss,
 And since I've known the bliss,
 I'll ne'er deny.

Then ever when you Court a Lass that's coy,
 Who hears your Love yet seems to shun its Joy ;
 If you press her to do so,
 Ne'er mind her no, no, no :
 But trust her Eyes,
 For coyness gives denial,
 When she wishes for the Tryal,
 Tho' she swears you shant come nigh all,
 I'm sure she lies.

The Lenther Bottle..

Now God above that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein ;
The Ships upon the Seas to Swim,
To keep foes out they come not in :
Now every one doth what he can,
All for the use and praise of Man,
I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now what do you say to the Cans of wood ?
Faith, they are nought, they cannot be good ;
When a man for Beer he doth therein send,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend ;
The bearer stumbleth by the way,
And on the ground his Liquor doth lay,
Then straight the Man begins to Ban,
And swears 'twas long of the Wooden Can ;
But had it been in a Leathern Bottel,
Although he stumbled all had been well,
So safe therein it would remain
Until the Man got up again,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

N

Now

Now for the Pots with handles three,
 Faith they shall have no Praise of me ;
 When a Man and his Wife do fall at strife,
 As many I fear have done in their Life :
 They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
 And break the same tho' they were loth ;
 Which they shall answer another day,
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away :
 But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
 The one might have tugg'd the other have held ;
 They both might have tugg'd till their Hearts did ake,
 And yet no harm the Bottle would take,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what of the Flaggons of Silver fine,
 Faith they shall have no Praise of mine ;
 When a Noble-man he doth them send,
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend :
 The Man with his Flaggon runs quite away,
 And never is seen again after that day ;
 Oh then his Lord begins to Ban,
 And swears he hath lost both Flaggon and Man ;
 But it ne'er was known that Page or Groom,
 But with a Leathern Bottle again would come,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine,
 Faith they shall have no Praise of mine ;
 When Friends are at a Table set,
 And by them several sorts of Meat ;
 The one loves Flesh the other Fish,
 Among them all remove a Dish :
 Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
 The Glass is broke no Wine left in ;
 Then be your Table-Cloth ne'er so fine,
 There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine :
 And doubtless for so small abuse,
 A young man may his service lose,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now

Now when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold ;
Out of the side you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shooe when worn out :
Or hang the other side on a Pin,
'Twill serve to put many odd Trifles in ;
As Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,
For young beginners need such things,

*I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first invented the Leathern Botte!*

The Black Jack, To the foregoing Tune.

¶ **T**is a pitiful thing that now adays, Sirs,
Our Poets turn Leathern Bottle praisers ;
But if a Leathern theme they did lack,
They might better have chosen the bonny Black-Jick ;
For when they are both now well worn and decay'd,
For the Jack than the Bottle much more may be said ;
*And I wish his Soul much good may partake,
That first devis'd the bonny Black-Jack,*

And now I will begin to declare,
What the conveniences of the Jack are ;
First when a gang of good Fellows do meet,
As oft at a Fair or a Wake you shall see't :
They resolve to have some Merry Carouses,
And yet to get home in good time to their Houses ;
Then the Bottle it runs as slow as my Rhime,
With Jack they might have bin Drunk in good time,
*And I wish his Soul in peace may dwell,
That first devis'd that speedy Vessel.*

And therefore leave off your Twittle Twattle,
Praise the Jack Praise no more the Leather Bottle ;
For the Man at the Bottle may drink till he burst,
And yet not handsomely quench his thirst ;

The Master hereat maketh great Moan,
And doubts his Bottle has a spice of the Stone ;
But if it had been a generous Jack,
He might have had currently what he did lack :

*And I wish his Soul in Paradise,
That first found out that happy device.*

Be your Liquor small or thick as Mudd,
The cheating Bottle that cries good, good ;
Then the Master again begins to storm,
Because it said more than it could perform :
But if it had bin in an honest black Jack,
It would have prov'd better to sight, smell and smack.

*And I wish his Soul in Heaven may rest,
That added a Jack to Bacchus his Feast.*

No Flaggon, Tankard, Bottle or Jug,
Is half so fit, or so well can hold tug ;
For when a Man and his Wife play at thwacks,
There's nothing so good as a pair of Black Jacks :
Thus to it they go, they Swear and they Curse,
It makes them both better the Jacks ne'er the worse ;
For they might have banged both till their hearts did ake,
And yet no hurt the Jacks could take,

*And I wish his Heirs may have a Pension,
That first produc'd that Lucky Invention.*

SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE,
Suckt no Wit from a Leatherne Bottle ;
For surely I think a man as soon may,
Find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay :
But if the black Jack a man often tossover,
'Twill make him as drunk as any Philosopher ;
When he that makes Jacks from a Peck to a quart,
Conjures not, tho' he lives by the black Art,

And I wish his Soul, &c.

Besides my good Friend let me tell you that Fellow,
That fram'd the Bottle, his Bains were but shallow ;

The

The case is so clear I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a nearer and deeper Invention ;
When the Bottle is cleaned the Dregs fly about,
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out :
But if in a Cannon bore Jack it had bin,
From the top to the bottom all might have been clean ;

*And I wish his Soul no comfort may lack,
That first devis'd the Bouncing Black Jack.*

Your Leather Bottle is us'd by no man,
That is a Hairs breadth above a Plow-man ;
Then Let us gang to the Hercules-Pillars,
And there visit those gallant Jack Swillers :
In these Small, Strong, Sour, Mild, Stale,
They drink Orange, Lemon, and Lambeth Ale ;
The Chief of Heralds there allows,
The Jack to be of an Antienter house :

*And may his Successors never want Sack,
That first devis'd the long Leather Jack.*

Then for the Bottle you cannot well fill it,
Without a Tunnel, but that you must spill it ;
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
'Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout :
Then burn your Bottle, what good is in it,
One cannot well fill it, nor Drink, nor Clean it ;
But if it had been in a jolly black Jack,
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good Tack ;
And I wish his Soul, &c.

He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a spark,
That were just ready cockt to shoot at a Mark ;
When the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,
Makes a man look with a great bottle Nose :
All wise men conclude, that a Jack new or old,
Though beginning to leak is however worth gold ;
For when the poor man on the way does trudge it,
His worn out Jack serves him well for a budget ;

*And I wish his Heirs may never lack Sack,
That first contrived the Leather Black Jack.*

When Bottle and Jack stand together, fie on't
 The Bottle looks just like a Dwarf to Giant ;
 Then have we not reason the Jack for to chuse,
 For they can make Boots when the Bottle mends Shoos ;
 For add but to every Jack a foot,
 And every Jack, becomes a Boot ;
 Then give me my Jack, there's a reason why,
 They have kept us wet and they'll keep us dry ;
 I now shall cease but as I'm an honest man,
 The Jack deserves to be called Sir JOHN !
 And may they ne'er want for Belly nor Back,
 That keep up the Trade of the bonny black Jack.

A SONG.



J Enney, my blitheſt maid,
 Prethee listen to my true Love now :
 I am a canny Lad.
 Gang along with me to yonder Brow :
 Aw the Bougħi shall shade us round,
 While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
 How the Lad the Lass may woo,
 Come and I'll shew my Jenny what to do.

I ken full many a thing,
 I can dance, and can whistle too ;
 I many a Song can sing,
 Pitch Bar, and run, and wrastle too :
 Bonny *Mog* of our Town,
 Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
 Only *Jenny* 'twas could win,
 Jockey from aw the Lasses of the Green.

Then lig thee down my Bearn,
 Ize not spoil thy gawdy shining Geer ;
 I'll make a Bed of Fern,
 And I'll gently press my *Jenny* there :
 Let me lift thy Petticoat,
 And thy Kercher too that hides thy Bolom ;
 Shew thy naked Beauty's store,
Jenny alone's the Lass that I adore.

A SONG.

SONG Sung by a Fop newly come from France..

A H *Phillis* ! why are you less tender,
 To my despairing *Amore* !
 Your Heart you have promis'd to tender,
 Do not deny the *Retour* :
 My Passion I cannot defend,
 No, no, Torments encrease to usles *Four*.

To forget your kind Slave is cruelle,
 Can you expect my Devoir,
 Since Philitis is grown infidelle,
 And wounds me at ev'ry Revoir !
 Those Eyes which were once agreeable,
 Now, now, are Fountains of black Des espoire.

Adieu to my false Esperance,
 Adieu les Plaisirs des beaux Fours ;
 My Philitis appears at distance,
 And slightes my unfeigned Efforts :
 To return to her Vows impossible,
 No, no, adieu To the Cheats of Amours.

A SONG.



TELL me, ye Gods, why do you prove,
 So cruel, so severe ;
 To make me burn in flames of Love,
 Then throw me in despair ?
 Tell me what Pleasure do you find,
 To force tormenting Fate ;
 To make my Sylvia first seem kind,
 Then vow perpetual Hate ?

Once

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inspire,
With her bewitching Eyes ;
Oft with a kiss she'd fan that Fire,
Which from her Charms arise :
With her Diviner looks she'd bless,
. And with her smiles revive ;
When she was kind, who cou'd express,
The Extasies of life ?

But now I read my fatal Doom,
All hopes now disappear ;
Smiles are converted to a Frown,
And Vows neglected are ;
No more kind Looks she will impart,
No longer will endure :
The tender Passion of my Heart,
Which none but she can cure.

Ah cruel, false, perfidious Maid !
Are these Rewards of Love ?
When you have thus my Heart betray'd,
Will you then faithless prove :
'Tis pity such an Angel's Face,
Shou'd so much perjur'd be ;
And blast each captivating Grace,
By being false to me.

Return, return, e'er 'tis too late,
The God of Love appease ;
Left you too soon do meet your fate,
And fall a Sacrifice :
Despise not then a proffer'd Heart,
But mighty Love obey ;
For Age will ruin all your Art,
And Beauty will decay.

A SONG.



When first Amyntas su'd for a Kiss,
 My innocent Heart was tender ;
 That tho' I push'd him away from the Bliss,
 My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won :
 I fain an artful Coyness wou'd use,
 Before I the Fort did surrender ;
 But Love wou'd suffer no more such abuse,
 And soon, al's ! my cheat was known :
 He'd sit all day and laugh and play,
 A thousand pretty things would say ;
 My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees ;
 Till father on he got by degrees.

My

My Heart, just like a Vessel at sea,
Wou'd toss when Amyntas was near me ;
But ah ! so cunning a Pilot was he !

Through Doubts and Fears he'd still Sail on :
I thought in him no danger cou'd be,
Too wisely he knows how to steer me ;
And soon, alas ! was brought to agree,

So waft of Joys before unknown,
Well might he boast his Pains not lost,
For soon he found the Golden Coast ;
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the Shore ;
Where never Merchant went before.

A SONG.



S It thee down by me, mine owa Joy,
Thou'z quite kill me, should'ft thou prove coy :
Should'ft thou prove Coy and not Love me,
Oh ! where should I find out like a yan as thee,

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare :
Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,
Sike Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind :

Thom

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyn,
 With silver Shoon thy Feet fall shoyn.
 With foyn'st Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown,
 Thy pink Petty-Coat fall be laced down.

Weez yearly gang to the Brook side,
 And Fishes catch as they do glayd :
 Each Fish thyn Prisoner then fall be,
 Thouz catch at them, and I'z catch at thee.

What mun we do when Scrip is fro ?
 Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
 And there weez fray and eat the Fish ;
 But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best dish.

Ize Kiss thy cherry Lips, and Praise
 Aw the sweet features of thy Face ;
 Thy Fore-head so smooth, and lofty both rise,
 Thy soft ruddy Cheeks and pratty black-Eyes.

Ize lin by thee aw the cold Night,
 Thouz want nothing for thy delight :
 Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
 And sure Ize have something that fall please thee.

A SONG.





IN January laft, on Munday at morn,
As I along the Fields did paſſ to view the Winters
[Corn;
I leaked me behind, and I ſaw come O'er the Knough,
Yan glenting in an Apron with bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud morrow, Fair Maid, and ſhe right courteouſly,
Bekt lew and fine, kind Sir, ſhe ſaid, gud day agen to ye;
I ſpear'd o her, fair Maid, quo I, how far intend you now?
Quo ſhe, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to ha ſik company,
For I am gaing out the Gate that ya intend ta be:
When we had walkt a Mile or twa, Ize ſaid to her, my
[Doe,

May I not diught your Apron fine, kiſſ your bonny brow.

Nea, gud ſir, you are far miſteen, fer I am neaſ othoſe;
I hope ya ha more breeding than to diught a Womans
[cloths:

For I've a better chosen than any like as you,
Who boldly may my Apron diught, and kiſſ ma bonny
[brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to ſay,
Rather than be rejeeted, I will give o're the play:
And I will chſe yen o me own that ſhall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me diught her Apron, kiſſ her bonny brow.

Sir, Ize ſee ya are proud hearted and leath to be ſaid nay,
You need not tall ha ſtarfed, for eight that Iz ded ſay:
You knaw Wemun for modeſtie, ne at the firſt time boo;
But, giſ we like your company, we are as kind as you.

A SONG.



Bonny Lass gin thou wert mine,
 And Twenty Thousand Pounds about thee ;
 I'd scorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,
 To lay thee down on any Green :
 And shew thee how thy Daddy 'gat thee.
 I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,
 To lay thee down on any Green,
 And shew thee how thy Daddy 'gat thee,

Bonny Lad gin thou wert mine,
 And Twenty Thousand Lords about thee ;
 I'd leave them aw to Kiss thine Eyn,
 And gang with thee to any Green ;
 To shew me how my Daddy gat me.
 I'd leave them, &c.

A SONG.



THE bright Laurinda, whose hard fate,
It was to Love a Swain,
Ill-natur'd, faithless, and ingrate,
Grew weary of her Pain :
Long, long, alack ! she vainly strove,
To free her Captive Heart from Love ;
'Till urg'd too much by his Disdain,
She broke at last the strong-link'd Chain,
And vow'd she ne'er would love again.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming spring ;
To no soft Tale would lend an ear,
But careleſſ sit and Sing :
Or if a moving Story wrought,
Her frozen Breast to a kind thought ;
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, ah ! hold,
Amyntor thus his Story told,
Once burnt as much, but now he's Cold.

Long

Long thus she kept her Liberty,
 And by her all-conquering Eyes,
 A thousand Youths did daily die,
 Her Beauties Sacrifice :
 Till Love at last young Cleon brought,
 The object of each Virgin's thought,
 Whose strange resistless Charms did move,
 They made her burn and rage with Love,
 And made her blest as those above.

A S O N G.



A H Jenny gin your Eyes do kill,
 You'll let me tell my pain,
 Gud Faith, I lov'd against my will,
 Yet wad not break my Chain :
 Ize once was call'd a bonny Lad,
 'Till that fair Face of yours,
 Betray'd the Freedom once I had,
 And all my blither hours,

And

And now wey's me, like Winter looks,
My faded show'ring Eyn ;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks,
I pas my wearied time ;
Ize call the Streams that glideth on
To witness, if they see,
On all the brink they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.

A SONG.

THere was a Jovial Begger,
He had a wooden Leg ;
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg :
And a begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a begging we will go.

A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt ;
And a pair of Crutches,
To shew that he can halt,
And a begging, &c.

A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye ;
A little Bottle by his side,
To drink when he's a dry,
And a begging, &c.

To

To Pimblico we'll go,
 Where we shall Merry be ;
 With ev'ry Man a can in's hand,
 And a Wench upon his Knee.
 And a begging, &c.

And when we are dispos'd,
 To tumble on the Grass ;
 We've a long patch'd Coat,
 To hide a pretty Lass.
 And a begging, &c.

Seven Years I begg'd,
 For my old Master *Wild* ;
 He taught me to beg,
 When I was but a Child.
 And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Master,
 And got him store of pelf ;
 But *Fove* now be Praised,
 I now beg for my self :
 And a begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree,
 I live and pay no Rent ;
 Providence provides for me,
 And I am well content.
 And a begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,
 A Begger lives the best ;
 For when he is a weary,
 He'll lie him down and rest.
 And a begging, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
 I live in open Cell ;
 Then who would be a King,
 When the Beggars live so well,
 And a begging, &c.

A SONG.



TELL me Jenny, tell me roundly,
 When you will your Heart surrender;
 Faith and Troth I love thee soundly,
 'Twas I that was the first pretender.
 Ne'er say nay, nor delay,
 Here's my Heart and here's my Hand too;
 All that's mine, shall be thine,
 Body and Goods at thy command too.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth Jenny,
 Have you promis'd to be true to?
 Fye! I think the Devil's in you,
 To kiss a body so as you do!
 What d'ye? let me go,
 I cant abide such foolish doing;
 Get you gone you naughty Man,
 Fye is this your way of Wooing

A SONG.



I Often for my *Jenny* strove,
 Ey'd her, try'd her, yet cant prove,
 So lucky to find her pity move,
 Ize have no reward for Love:
 If you wou'd but think on me,
 And now forsake your Cruelty ;
 Ize for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be ;
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

When first I saw thy lovely Charms,
 I kiss'd thee, wish'd thee, in my Arms,
 I often vow'd, and did protest,
 'Tis *Joan* alone, that I love best :
 Ize have gotten Twenty Pounds,
 My Fathers House, and all his grounds,
 And for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

A SONG.



TELL me no more, no more, I am deceiv'd,
 That Cloe's false, that Cloe's false and common :
 By Heav'n I all along believ'd,
 She was, she was, a very, very Woman.
 As such I lik'd, as such careft,
 She still, She still was constant when posseft :
 She cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she could,
 Do more for no man.

But oh ! but oh her thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think, and that you think a hard thing ;
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man,
 Why what care I, why what care I one Farthing.
 You say she's false I'm sure she's kind,
 I'll take, I'll take her Body, you her Mind ;
 Who, who has the better bargain ?

A SONG.



A T London che've bin,
At London che've bin,
And che've seen the King and the Queen a;
Che've seen Lords, and Earls,
And roaring fine Girls,
Turn'd up their ails at fifteen a;

Che've seen the Lord Mayor,
And Bartoldom-Fair;
And there che met with the *Draggon*,
That St. George that bold Knight,
Fought and killed out-right,
Whilst a Man could toss off a Flaggon.

From thence as I went,
To see th' Monument;
I met with a Girl in Cheapside a;
That for half a Crown,
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
And shew'd me how far she could stride a;

A SONG.



Then Beauteous Nymph look from above,
And see me here below; [window;
See how that mighty Tyrant Love draggs me to your
Draggs me to your window:
Let not your Heart then hardned be,
Since you my love have got;
For I'm a Knight of high degree,
And dye upon the spot.

To morrow then let us be Wed,
At hours Canonical;
That I may say when I have sped,
My heart is free from Thrall:
Oh think then what thy Joy will be,
When I am in thy Arms;
That thou mayst have the liberty
To Rifie all my Charms.

Scotch SONG.



WA is me what mun I do,
 Drinking Waters I may rue,
 Since my Heart so muckle harm befel
 Wounded by a bonny Lass at Epsom-Well,
 Ize have been at Dalkeith-Fair,
 Seen the charming Faces there ;
 But aw Scotland now gude Faith, defye,
 Sike a Lip to show, and lovely rowling Eye.

Fennyes

Jennyes Skin was white, her Fingers small;
Moggy, she was slender, straight and tall;
But my Love here bears away the Bell from all;
For her I sigh, for her I die in a wild despair;
Never Man in Woman took such Joy,
Never Woman was to Man so coy;
She'll not be My Honey for my Love or Money:
Well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.

The Old and New Courtier.



With an Old Song made by an Old Ancient pate,
Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a
[great Estate;

Who kept an Old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
Like an Old Courtier of the Queens.

With a Old Lady whose anger good words asswages,
Who every quarter pays her old Servants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen
[and Pages;

But kept twenty or thirty old Fellows with blue-eoats
Like an Old Courtier, &c. [and badges;

With a Study fill'd full of Learned books, [his looks,
With an old Reverend Parson, you may judge him by
With an old Buttery hatch worn quite off the old hooks,
And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old
Like an Old &c. [cooks;
With



With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes,
 [and Bows,
 With old Swords, and Bucklers, which hath born many
 [shrew'd blows,
 And an old Frysadoe coat to cover his Worships trunk hose,
 And a Cup of old Sherry, to comfort his Copper Nose ;
Like an Old, &c.

With an old Fassion when *Christmas* is come,
 To call his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Drum,
 And good cheer enough to furnish every old Room ;
 And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak, and a wife man
Like an Old, &c. Dumb ;

With an old Hunts-man, a Falkner and a Kennel of Hounds,
 Which never Hunted, nor Hawked, but in his own
 [Grounds :
 Who like an old Wise man kept himself within his own
 [Bounds,
 And when he died gave every Child a Thousand old
Like an Old, &c. Pounds ;

But to his Eldest Son, his House and Land he assign'd,
 Charging him in his Will to keep the same bountiful mind,
 To be good to his Servants and to his Neighbours kind :
 But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was
Like a young Courtier of the Kings. [enclin'd,

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
 That keeps a brace of Creatures at's own Command,
 And takes up a Thousand Pounds upon's own Bond,
 And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither go
Like a young Courtier, &c. [nor stand ;

With a neat Lady that is Fresh and Fair, [or Care,
 Who never knew what belong'd to good house keeping

But

But buys several Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other women's hair ;
Like a young, &c.

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal, nor Wood,
And a new Shuffle-board-Table where never Meat stood,
Hung round with Pictures which doth the Poor little good,
Like a young, &c.

With a new study stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain, that swears faster than he Prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or
[five days ;
With a new French Cook to make Kickshaws and Toys ;
Like a young, &c.

With a new Fassion when *Christmas* is come,
With a Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the Poor with a thump on the back with
Like a young, &c. [a stone ;

With a gentleman Usher whose carriage is compleat,
With a Footman, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when the Master has din'd gives the Servants little
Like a young, &c. [Meat ;

With a new honour bought with his Fathers old Gold,
That many of his Father's Old Manours hath sold ;
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good Houle-keeping is now a days grown so cold :
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Gauds & Sleeples

Bacchus's Health: To be Sung by all the Company together, with Directions to be Observed.

First Man stands up with a Glass in's hand and Sings.



Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,
Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,
Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus, I-bo, I-bo, I-bo;
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us, I-bo, I-bo, I-bo.

* At this Star they all bow to each other,
and sit down.

+ At this Dagger all the Company beckons to
the Drawer.

* Come sit ye down together,
Come sit ye down together,
Come sit ye down together, I-bo, I-bo, I-bo;
And + bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither, I-bo, I-bo, I-bo.

* At

* At this Star the first Man drinks his
Glass while all the other Sing and
point at him.

+ At this Dagger they all sit down, clapping
their next Man on the Shoulder.

It goes into the * Craniam,
It goes into the Craniam,
It goes into the Craniam, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho;
And + thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho.

Then the 2d. Man takes his Glass, all the Company Singing Here's a Health, &c. so round.

SONG, To the foregoing Tune.

There was a bonny blade,
Had marry'd a Country Maid,
And safely conducted her home, home, home;
She was neat in ev'ry part,
And she pleas'd him to the heart,
But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the Day,
And brisk as the May,
And as round, and as plump as a plumb, plumb, plumb,
But still the silly swain,
Could do nothing but Complain,
Because that his Wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could Brew and she could Bake,
She could Sow, and she could make,
She could Sweep the house with a Broom, Broom, Broom;
She could Wash, and she could Wring,
She could do any kind of thing,
But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he went,
 For to give himself content ;
 And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum,
 O ! 'tis the easiest part,
 That belongs unto my Art,
 For to make a Woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. he did her bring,
 And he cut her chattering string ;
 And at liberty he set her Tongue, her Tongue, her Tongue ;
 Her Tongue began to walk,
 And she began to talk,
 As tho' she never had been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her faculty she tries,
 And she fill'd the house with noise ;
 And she rattl'd in his Ears like a drum, drum, drum ;
 She bred a deal of strife,
 Made him weary of his life,
 He'd give any thing again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he goes,
 And thus he vents his Woes,
 Oh ! Dr. you've me undone, undone, undone ;
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
 And her Tongue can never hold,
 I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake,
 To make thy Wife to speak,
 It was a thing easily done, done, done,
 But 'tis past the art of man,
 Let him do what e'er he can.
 For to make a scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue,
 [Tongue.

The West-Countryman's Song on a Wedding.



O Ds hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing not I, Sir,
 Because I hear there's such brave doing hard by, Sir;
 Thomas the Minstrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir,
 And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir :
 Who the Rat can mind either Bayard or Ball, Sir,
 Or any thing at all, Sir, for thinking of drinting I' th'
 [Hall, Sir ;
 E'gad not I ! Let Master fret it and storn it I am
 [resolv'd ?
 I'm sure there can be no harm in't
 Who would lose the zight of the Lasses and Pages,
 And pretty little Sue so true, when she ever engages ;
 E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

There's my Lord has got the curious'ft Daughter,
 Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on ye water ;
 This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
 Some to veed her, some to dress and clout her :
 Uds-bud she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweetest
 The pretty litt'l Rogue, and all Men do zay the discreet-
 [est.

There's ne'er a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,
 But must give place zince Mrs. Betty's creation ;
 She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye,
 Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and easie,
 That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
 If London Town can e'er zend down zuch another.

Next my Lady in all her gallant Apparel,
 Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel ;
 There's zuch Drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
 'Twill make a vool of Zack, or White wine, or Claret ;
 And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good yellows,
 May tipple off their Cups, untill they lie down on their
 [Pillows.

Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't stand scratching thy
 [head zo,
 For thither I'll go, Cods-woons, because I have said so.

A SONG.

S:



S:



Jocky was as brisk and blith a Lad,
As ever did pretend to love a Maiden true ;
But I fear that I shall dye a Maid,
And never taft the Joys of Love as others do :
When the Wars alarms,
Call'd him forth to Arms,
And the Trumpets sound,
Made the shores rebound.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here ;
And till he returns I never shall give over,
Mourning for the absence of my Dear :
To arms, to arms, he cry'd,
To Love I strait reply'd,
But in vain I strove,
To perswade my Love.

Love can ne'er contend when Glory is a Rival,
Or I wou'd have kept my swain from harms ;
But he thought that he in Glory shou'd survive all,
When by Honour he was call'd to arms :
To arms, to arms he cry'd,
To Love I strait reply'd ;
But in vain I strove,
To perswade my Love.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
Was too litte to confine him here :
And till he returns I never shall give over,
Mourning for the absence of my dear :

A SONG.



You mad caps of *England* who merry wou'd make,
And for your brave Valour wou'd pains undertake ;
Come over for *Flanders*, and there you shall see,
How merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be,
 Sing Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys ;
 Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys,
 Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra boys drink, boys drink.

If you have been a Citizen broke by mischance,
And wou'd by your Courage your credit advance ;
Here's stuff to be won by ventring your life,
So you leave at home a good friend by your Wife ;
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Ware Horns, ware Horns,
 Sing tanta ra, &c. Ware Horns.

But if upon Wenches you have spent all your means,
And still your minds runs upon Whores and Queans ;
Here's Wenches enow that with you will go,
From Leaguer to Leaguer in spite of your Foe ;
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all, Whores all,
 Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all.

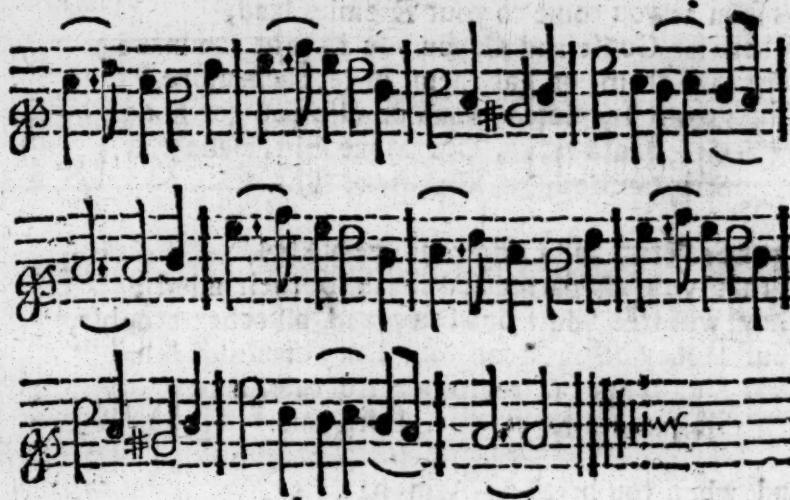
As soon as you come to your Enemies land,
Where fat Goose and Capon you have at command ;
Sing take them, or Eat them, or let them alone,
Sing go out and fetch them, or else you get none ;
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift, make shift,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift.

Your Serjernts and Officers are very kind,
If that you can flatter and speak to their mind ;
They will free you from Duty and all other trouble,
Your Money being gone your Duty comes double,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case, hard case,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case.

And when you break an Arm or a Leg,
You shall have your Pass through the Country to Beg ;
Your Officer promises you some other pay,
But the Souldier never gets it, no not till Dooms-day ;
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. Long time, long time,
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. Long time.

At last when you come to your Enemies Walls,
Where many a brave Gallant and Gentleman falls ;
And when you have done the best that you can,
Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Man ;
Sing tanta, ra, ra, &c. That's all, that's all,
Sing tanta ra, ra, &c. That's all.

A SONG.



Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Eyes are like the Morning bright ;
 Her Cheeks like Roses fair ;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white ;
 Like Silk her flowing Hair ;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white ;
 Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as sweet as Odors blown,
 By Zephyrus o'er the Vales :
 Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,
 Her Voice like Nightingale's.

Where e'er She breath's, where e'er She Sings :
 How happy are the Groves :
 How blest ! how much more blest than Kings,
 The Shepherd's that She loves.

With gentle steps lets beat the ground,
 In Gladsome Couples joyn'd,
 For Joy that your Dorinda's found,
 And ev'ry Lover kind.

A SONG.



Make your Honour *Mis's*, tholl loll loll,
Now to me, Child, tholl loll loll,
Airy and easie now, tholl loll loll,
Very well done *Mis's*, tholl loll loll,
Raise up your body Child, tholl loll.
Then you in time will Rise, hoh, tholl la.

Hold up your head *Mis's*, tholl loll loll,
Wipe your Nose Child, tholl loll,
When I press on ye, tholl loll loll,
Fall back easy *Mis's*, tholi loll loll,
Keep out your toes too, tholl loll loll,
Then you'll learn presently, hoh tholl la.

Bear your hips Swimmingly, tholl loll loll,
Keep your Eyes languishing, tholl loll loll,
Zoons where's your Ears now? tholl loll loll,
Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll loll,
Keep your knees open, tholl loll loll,
Else you will never do, hoh tholl la.

If you will love me *Mis's*, tholl loll loll loll,
You shall dance rarely Child, tholl loll loll,
You are a fortune *Mis's*, tholl loll loll,
And must be Married Child, tholl loll loll,
Give me your Money *Mis's*, tholi loll loll,
Then I will give you my, hoh tholl la.

A SONG.



Royal and fair, great *Willy's* dear Blessing,
 The Charming Regent of the Swains;
 Heavy with Care, thus sadly Expressing,
 Her grief, set weeping on the Plains:
 Why did my Fate Exalt me so high,
 If fading State must deprive me of Joy?
 Since *Willy* is gone,
 Ah! How vainly shines the Sun,
 'Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
 Waft, waft him to me.

Large

Large ate my Flocks, and flowry my Pastures,
Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold ;
Where Ravenous Wolves too fain would be Masters,
Devour all my Lambs, and break down my Fole :
Willy while here, secur'd me from fear,
All the Wild Herd stood in awe of my Dear ;
But poor helpless I,
Mourning Sigh, and hourly Cry,
Let Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
Waft *Willy* to me.

A SONG.





TWAS early one morning, the Cock had just Crow'd ;
 Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry ;
 My holyday Clothes on, and face newly Mow'd,
 With a heydown, hoe down, drink your brown Berry ;
 The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet so Red,
 For the Son was just then getting out, of his Bed,
 When Teresa and I went to Church to be sped,
 With a hey ding hoe ding, shall I come to Wooo thee ;
 Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me,
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry ding,
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtridown derry.

Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print ;
 Sing hey ding, &c
 And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,
 With a hey down, &c.
 Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and
 [Plumbs,
 And her Teeth that were useless, for biting her Thumbs,
 Had late, like ill Tenants, forsaken her Gums ;
 With hey ding hoe ding, &c.

But when night came on, and we both were a bed ;
 Sing hey ding, &c.
 Such strange things were done, there's no more to be said,
 With a hey down, &c.
 Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown ;
 And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
 And so we rose up, the same Fools we lay down ;
 With hey ding hoe dirg, &c.

A SONG.



Dear Pinckaninny, if half a Guinny,
To Love will win ye,
I lay it here down,
We must be Thrifty ;
'Twill serve to shift ye,
And I know fifty,
Will do't for a Crown :
Dunns come so boldly,
King's Money so slowly,
That by all things holy,
'Tis all I can say,
Yet I'm so rapt in,
The snare that I'm Trapt in,
As I'm true, Captain,
Give more than my pay.

Good Captain Thunder,
Go mind your plunder ;
Od-zounds I wonder,
You dare be so bold ;

Thus

Thus to be making,
 A Treaty so sneaking,
 Or dream of taking,
 My Fort with small Gold.

Other Town Misses,
 May gape at Ten pieces,
 But who me possesses,
 Full twenty shall pay,
 To all poor Rogues in Buff,
 Thus, thus I strut and huff,
 So Captain kick and cuff,
 March on your way.

A Dialogue between Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Edwards representing two Country Boors.

Coll.

*Coridon.*

Welfare Trumpets Drums and Battling too,
Colin lay, lay down thy Spade ;
 And never more follow Adam's old Trade,
 But come on to the War,
 Where Swords and Guns are,
 Rattling now whilst we,
 March with *Hautboys* merrily,
 Free hunters of Honour,
 Thou'rt slave to the pride,
 Of some Boar of a Mannour.

Collin.

Well, what then ? Much better ?
 Is brown bread and Water ;
 With Bacon that's Rusty,
 And Beef tho' 'tis damnable Musty ;
 In course wooden Platters,
 And Cook'd up by our Country sluts,
 Then Slashes and Bruises,
 And holes made by Fuzees,
 Or feeding on Fame,
 When I'm Crippl'd or Lame ;
 Or sent packing with a broad Sword thro' my Guts.
 Zoons with a broad sword thro' my Guts.

Cori.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.**Coridon.*

Dull fool rail no more at caveleering,
 What a damn'd scandal it is,
 To sneak here at home,
 Grow mouldy with Peace,
 When loud Fame calls thee out.

Collin.

I fear my Commission,
 Will prove but a vision :
 For when I am posted,
 On Mines where I'm like to be Roasted,
 'Tis forty to one but I'm puff'd from my future Command.

Coridon.

Where bold Dragoons are Domineering.
 Thou'l see Fortune ready to befriend thee,
 If thou art Wounded,
 For Honour and Valour,
 Preferment's propounded.

Collin.

Or if with much Toiling,
 I chance to 'scape broiling,
 And a damn'd bit of Lead,
 Drils me quite through the Head,
 How the Devil then shall I Kiss the Kings hand,
 Zoons how shall I Kiss the Kings hand.

*To the second Part of the Tune.**Coridon.*

From Bullets and Fire,
 Tho' oft we retire,
 Our Wishes we Crown,
 When we enter a Town,
 That is Rich where the Lasses are kind,
 And the plunder's refreshing and cool.

Collin.

Collin.

But what if foul Weather,
Won't let us come thither,
The Trench full of Water,
Then is it not better,
Lie safe at home and our Plowjobbers rule.

Coridon.

Gad zoinks you're a cowardly fool.

A SONG.



Great Alexander's Horse,
Bucephalus by Name ;
That long has been Enrolled,
Within the Books of Fame :
But Sir Credulous Easy's Mare,
So far did him excel ;
She ne'er Run for the Plate,

But she bore away the Bell :

S. Witb a Nigby, Wheeghy, Yeopoop a,
Full Caper and Carrer ;
All England cannot shew you,
Sike another Mare.

And

And to Brentford she did come,
 And an Ale-house she did find ;
 She could not pass it by,
 But she knew her Master's mind :
 And as he call'd for a Pot,
 She would be, wou'd be sure of twain ;
 Which made her such a Set,
 She ne'er could run again.
S. With a Nigby, &c.

Since last I saw her face,
 I heard report is spread ;
 With drinking in that place,
 This bonny Mare is dead :
 And the last words she did say,
 As she came down the hill ;
 Was ah ! that Bowl had broke her heart,
 And so she made her Will.
S. With a Nigby, &c.

Her fore hoof she bequeath'd,
 To some Religious fool ;
 Who after her untimely death,
 Begs Pardon for her soul :
 And her hinder hoof with which,
 She play'd full many a Trick ;
 She gave to those curst Wives,
 That against their Husbands kick.
S. With a Nigby.

At the burial of this Mare,
 Her Master wept full sore ;
 Because it was reported,
 He ne'er shou'd see her more :
 But that which Comforted him,
 For his departed Friend ;
 Was after all his great loss,
 She made so good an end.
S. With a Nigby, &c.

A SONG.

Harp.



O F noble Race was Shinking,
The Line of Owen Tudor,
Thum, thum, thum, thum,
But her renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel Love persu'd her.

Fair Winnies Eyes bright shining,
And Lily breasts Alluring ;
Poor Jenkins heart with fatal Dart,
Have wounded past all curing.

Her was the prettyest Fellow,
At Foot-ball or at Cricket ;
At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

But now all joy's are flying,
All pale and wan her Cheeks too ;
Her heart so akes, her quite forsakes,
Her Herrings, and her Lecks too-

No more must dear Metheglin,
Be top'd at good Mongomery ;
And if sore, smart one week more,
Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flomery.

A

A SONG.



If Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment,
 If a bitter, oh tell me whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by Passionate silence, I make my Love known;
 But Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake, to discover her Love;
 When in striving to hide, she returns all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Name.

A SONG.



Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound,
 Come if you dare, the foes rebound ;
 We come, we come, we come, [Drum:
 Says the double, (double, double) beat of the Thundering
 Now they charge on a main,
 Now they rally again ;
 The Gods from above the mad labour behold,
 And pitty mankind that will perish for Gold.

The Fainting Suxons quit their Ground,
 Their Trumpets Languish in the sound ;
 They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly,
 Victoria, Victoria, the bold Brittons cry :
 Now the Victory's won,
 To the plunder we run ;
 We return to our our Lasses like fortunate traders,
 Triumphant with Spoils of the vanquish'd invaders,

A SONG.



How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
While Drums and Trumpets are sounding Alarms !
Over our Lowly sheds all the Storms passes,
And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms ;
All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing,
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying,
All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of **Britain**, with **Graces** attended,
Let not your Days without Pleasure expire ;
Honour's but empty, and when youth is ended,
All men will praise you, but none will desire,
Let not Youth fly away without contenting ;
Age will come time enough, for your repenting.
Let not Youth, &c.

A SONG.



Tobacco is but an Indian weed,
Grows green in the Morn cut down at Eve,
It shews our decay,
We are but Clay,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so Lilly white,
Wherein so many take delight;
Is broke with a touch,
Mans Life is such,
Think of, &c.

The Pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how man's Soul is stain'd with Sin;
It does require,
To be purg'd with fire,
Think of, &c.

The Ashes that are left behind,
Does serve to put us all in mind;
That into dust,
Return we must,
Think of, &c.

The smoak that does so high ascend,
Shews you man's life must have an end,
The Vapour's gone,
Man's Life is done,
Think of, &c.

A SONG.

Sir Eglamore, that valiant Knight,
Fa la lanky down dilly ;
 He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,
Fa la lanky down dilly :
 And as he rode o'er Hill and Dale,
 All armed with a Coat of Mail,
Fa la, la, la, la, la, lanky down dilly.

There leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,
 That had slain God knows how many Men ;
 But when he saw Sir Eglamore,
 Oh that you had but heard her roar !

Then the Trees began to shake,
 Horse did Tremble, Man did quake :
 The Birds betook them all to peeping,
 Oh ! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
 For now they fall to't fight Dog fight Bear ;

And

And to't they go, and soundly fight,
A live-long day, from Morn till Night.

This Dragon had on plaguy Hide,
That could the sharpest Steel abide ;
No Sword could enter her with Cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts.

But as in Choller he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn ;
For as a yawning she did fall,
He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly,
Unto her Den, which was hard by ;
And there she lay all night and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword.

But riding away she cries, I forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

A SONG.





The Danger is over, the Battle is past,
 The Nymph had her fears, but she ventur'd at last;
 She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
 She smil'd at her folly, and own'd she had won :
 By her Eyes we discover, the Bride has been pleas'd,
 Her blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd ;
 She dissembles her Joy and affects to look down,
 If she sighs, 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all you Vigin's, both Aged and Young,
 All you who have carry'd that burden too long ;
 Who have lost precious time, and you who are losing,
 Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chusing :
 Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind,
 You'll find your selves happy, when once you are kind ;
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
 You'll feel the los little, and much to be won.

A SONG.



Wuly and Georgy now beath are gean,
To see their lovely Flocks a feeding ;
Fenny and Moggy too follow'd them,
For fear they should be now a breeding :
Out of London Town they aw did trip it,
Down to play at new boopeep at Tunbridge Well ;
But how they play'd or what they said,
The De'el his Cell can only tell.

Moggy had bearsns Four, Five or Six,
But Fenny was a young beginner ;
Sure to her trading now she will fix,
The Kirk has made her a young sinner :
To London Town they're gean,
Each with a muckle weam ;
And Georgy now to Scotland he mum run,
Fare him weel eue take him De'el :
Poor Fenny now is quite undone.

A SONG.



Sing, sing, whilst we trip it, trip, trip it,
 Trip, trip it upon the Green :
 But no ill Vapours rise or fall,
 But no ill Vapours rise or fall.
 No nothing, no nothing offend,
 No nothing offend our Fairy Queen ;
 No nothing, no nothing,
 No nothing offend our Fairy Queen ;
 No nothing, no nothing, no nothing,
 No nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

A SONG.



You Lasses and Lads take leave of your Dads;
And away to the may-pole hye;
There is every he has gotten a she,
And a Fidler standing by:
There is Jockey has gotten his Jenny,
And Johnny has gotten his Jane;
And there they do jugget, and jugget,
And jugget up and down.

You're out said Dick, you lie said Nick,
The Fidler play'd it false;
And so said Nutt, and so said Kite,
And so said nimble Ealse:
With that the Fidler he,
Did play the Tune again;
And then they did foot it, and foot it,
And foot it unto the men.

Three times in an hour they went to a bower,
 To play for Ale and Cakes ;
 And Kisses to whom they were due,
 The Lasses held the stakes :
 The Lasses they began,
 To quarel with the Men ;
 And bid them take their Kisses back,
 And give them their own again.

A S O N G.



VV Hat ungrateful Devil moves you !
 Come, come my Friend the Truth declare ;
 You love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* loves you,
 Why, why then will you wed the Fair :
 Marriage joyning does discover,
 But Love freeing joyns for life ;
 Wou'd you, wou'd you, wou'd you,
 Love the Nymph for ever ?
 Never, never, never, never, never,
 Let her be your Wife.

A New Song Sett by Mr. Baringcloth.



ALL hands up aloft,
 A Swab the Coach fore and aft ;
 For the Punch Clubbers straight will be fitting ;
 For fear the ship rowl,
 Sling off a full bowl,
 For our Honour let all things be fitting :
 In an Ocean of Punch,
 We to night will all Sail,
 I'th' Bowl we're in Sea room,
 Enough we ne'er fear :
 Here's to thee Messmate,
 Thanks honest Tom,
 'Tis a health to the King,
 Whilst the Larboard-man drinks,
 Let the Starboard man sing,
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our Chops,
And then we'll turn out ;
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

The Winds veering ast,
 Then loose ev'ry Sail ;
 She'll bear all her Top-Sails a trip,
 Heave the Log from the Poop,
 It blows a fresh gale,
 And a just account on the board keep ;
 She runs the eight Knots,
 And eight Cups to my thinking,
 That's a Cup for each Knot,
 Must be fill'd for our drinking,
 Here's to thee Skipper,
 Thanks honest John,
 'Tis a health to the King,
 Whilst the one is a drinking,
 The other shall fill.
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our, &c.

The Quartier must Cun,
Whilst the foremast-man Steers ;
Here's a health to each Port where e'er bound,
Who delays 'tis a Bumper,
Shall be drub'd at the Geer,
The depth of each Cup therefore sound :
To our noble Commander,
To his hoaour and wealth,
May he drown and be damn'd,
That refuses the health,
Here's to thee honest Harry,
Thanks honest Will,
Old True-penny still,
Whilst the one is a Drinking,
The other shall fill.
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our, &c.

What news on the Deck Ho ?
It blow's a meer storm ;
She lies a try under her Mizen,
Why what tho' she does ?
Will it do any harm ?
If a Bumper more does us all reason :
The Bowl must be fill'd Boys,
In spight of the Weather,
Yea, yea, huzza let's howl altogether,
Here's to thee Peter,
Thanks honest Joe,
About let it go ;
In the Bowl still a Calm is,
Where e'er the Winds blow.
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our, &c.

A New Scotch Song Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.

A S I went ov'r yon misty Moor,
 'Twas on an Evening late Sir ;
 There I met with a weelfar'd Laſs,
 Was Spanning of her Gate, Sir :
 I took her by the Lilly white hand,
 And by the twat I caught her ;
 I swear and vow and tell you true,
 She pifte in my hand with Langhter.

The silly poor Wench she lay so still,
 You'd swear she had been dead, Sir ;
 The De'el a word but aw she said but ay,
 And bow'd her head, her head, Sir :
 Kind Sir, (quoth she) you'll kill me here,
 But i'll forgive the slaughter ;
 You make such motions with your A — ,
 Yon'll split my sides with Laughter.

A New SONG, Set by Mr. J. Clark.



Hark the Cock Crow'd, 'tis day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly fair Morning;
Up Rozer and James and drive out your Teams,
Up quickly to carry the Corn in :
Davy the drowsy and *Barnaby* browzy.
At breakfast we'll flout and jeer boys ;
Sluggards shall chatter with small Beer and Water,
Whilst you shall tope off the March Beer boys.

Lasses that snore, for shame give o'er,
Mouth open the Flies will be blowing ;
To get us stout Hum when *Christmas* is come,
Away where the Barly is Mowing :
In your Smock sleeves too, go bind up the sheaves too,
With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry* ;
Then when works over, at night give each Lover,
A Hug and a Buff in the Dairy.

Two

Two for the Mow and two for the Plow,
 Is then the next labour comes after ;
 I'm sure I hired four, but if you want more,
 I'll send you My Wife and my daughter :
 Roger the trusty, tell Rachel the lusty,
 The Barn's a brave place to steal Garters :
 'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow then,
 And take it at Night for your Quarters.

A Song Sett by Mr. Akeroyde.



To Kiss, to Kiss is pretty, 'tis pretty it makes us



Gay; to Kiss, to Kiss is pretty, is pretty.



to frolick and play; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, 'tis folly to Kiss, 'tis folly; no, no, no, no,

no,

A handwritten musical score consisting of six staves of music. The music is written in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some words like 'Kiss' and 'dye' underlined. The score includes several fermatas and a repeat sign with a 'b' superscript. The lyrics are:

no, no, no, no, no, no ; 'tis jolly to Kiss, 'tis jolly ;
'Tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty I'll
tell you why, 'tis pretty to Kiss, 'tis pretty to Kiss to
Love, but not to dye ; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, Kissing till you're out of breath 'tis foolish
to Kiss, 'tis foolish, 'tis foolish to Kiss to death.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.**The Midwives Christening Song.*

Let's

Let's consecrate a mighty Bowl,
On this our solemn meeting:
To recreate those female hearts,
That sometime since were weeping ;
The Lady's Pangs are now no more,
All grief is banish'd from her :
The lusty boy has made his way,
And nothing now can wrong her.

Cho. By all the Gossips.

O Mighty power of active love,
How bravely hast thou wrought ;
From something done there's something come,
While many toil for nought.

Then dish about the Mothers health,
The Lads shall soon come after ;
Nor shall the father be forgot,
In hopes the next — a Daughter :
Go on brave pair obey, command,
And multiply together ;
May strength increase,
And wealth ne'er cease ;
Nor may you part for ever.

Cho. *O mighty power of active love, &c.*

A Song on a Lady's going into the Bath.





When *Sylvia* in bathing her charms does expose,
The pretty Bouquet dancing under her Nose ;
My heart is just ready to part from my Soul,
And leap from the Gal — ry into the Bowl :

Each day I provide too,
A bribe for her guide too,
And gave her a Crown ;

To bring me the Water where she sat down,
Let crazy Physicians think pumping a cure,
That Virtue is doubtful but *Sylvia's* is sure.

The Fidlers I hire to play something sublime,
And all the while throbbing my heart beats the time ;
She enters, they flourish, and cease when she goes,
That who it is address'd to straight ev'ry one knows :

Wou'd I were a Vermin,
Call'd one of her Chair-men,
Or serv'd as a guide :

Tho' I shou'd as they do a damn'd tawny Hide,
Or else like a pebble at bottom could lye,
To Ogle her Beauties how happy were I.

A SONG.



O Raree Show, O bravee Show,
O preety Show, who see my fine a show ?
O Raree Show, O Brave Show,
Who see my pretty Show ?
Quand la Cigala Canta fa pasboun travailiar,
Badboun estr' a 'lombretta a 'lombretta,
Fa boun estr' a 'lombretta Calignar.

Here's de English and French to each oder most Civil,
Snake hands and be Friends and hug like the Devil :
O Raree Show, O Bravee Show, O pretty Gallant a Show.

Here be de Savoyards a trudging through France,
To sweep a de Shimney, to sing and to Dance.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here

Here be de Great Turk, and de Great King of no land,
A Galloping bravely from Hung'ry to Poland.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here's de brave *English Beau*, for the Packet-boat tarries,
To go Make his Campaign vid his Taylor at *Paris*.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de honest Captain a cursing the Peace,
Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Miss.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de *English* Ships bring Plenty and Riches,
And here de *French Caper* a mending his Breeches.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de Jacks set out Lights and Dissemble,
And here be de Mob make um squitter and tremble.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de Sea Captain a reeling on Shore,
Here's one spend all his pay, and boarding a Whore.

O Raree Show, &c.

Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouses,
And here be de Soldiers a storming their Spouses.

O Raree Show, bravee Show, who see my fine Show.

A New Scotch SONG or a Game at Pam.





VV Hen *Pbillida* with *Jockey* play'd at Pam,
 The Bonny Lad nea whit could heed his Game ;
 But fighing in his doleful dumps,
 Leuk'd at her and lost his Trumps,
 Ah ! a blither sport was *Jockey*'s chief aim,
 Those bright eyes,
 The Loon's heart wounded cries,
 Ah welladay,
 Dear *Pbillida*,
 Joy and yet destroy me,
 I'se ne'er win by Mournival or blaze,
 Or conquering Knave whilst on my Queen I gaze.

Thus *Pbillida* with Beauty Wit and Art,
 His Money won who had before his Heart,
 Until the Laughing God of Love,
 Pack'd the Cards and made 'em prove,
 All combin'd to take poor *Jockey*'s weak part;
 No kind Knave,
 The Charmer now could have,
 Her Lover too,
 Recover'd too,
 More than lost before too,
 Till to please them Love chang'd the wrangling Game,
 To Wedlock Joys and *Jockey* was her Pam. A

A SONG in the Morose Reformer.

You Ladies who are young and gay,
 Since Time too swiftly flies away,
 Bestow you hours of leisure, bestow your hours of leis-
 On Courts, on Gardens, springs, and Groves, [sure ;
 On Conversation, Lawful Loves, [sure.
 And ev'ry harmless pleasure, ev'ry ev'ry harmless plea-

Be you the finest Shows at plays,
 Alluring youth to Love and Gaze,
 But try no mad Conclusions ;
 Be ev'ry where and often shown,
 But Vision like be touch'd by none,
 Be only fair Delusions.

For pleasure ramble round the Town,
 But give your Friends no cause to frown,
 From Honour never sally :
 How they're contemn'd who were admir'd,
 In Courts had all their hearts desire,
 For ev'ry kiss a tally.

*The 2d. Part of St. George for England by the
late John Grub, M. A. of Christ's-Churcb
Oxon, To the same Tune, P. 136.*

THe Story of King *Arthur* it is very Memorable,
The number of his valiant Knights and roundness
of his Table ;

His Knights around his Table in a Circle sate d'ye' see,
And all together made up one large Hoop of Chivalry ;
He had a Sword both broad and sharp yclyp'd *Caliburn*,
Would cut a flint more easie than Penknife cuts a Corn :
A case Kife does a Capon carve, so it would carve a Rock,
And split a man at singe slash from nodule down to nock ;
He was the Cream of Brecknock and the flower of all the
Welsh,

But *George* he did the dragon fell, and gave him a plaguy
fquellish ;

St. George he was for Fair England,

St. Dennis was for France,

Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Tamerlain with *Tartarian* bow the *Turkish* Squadrons flew,
And fetcht the *Pagan* Crescent down with half moon made
of *Yew* ;

His trufly Bow proud *Turks* did gall with shoures of Ar-
rows thick,

And Bow-strings without throtling sent Grand *Vijier* to old
Nick ;

Much Turbants and much *Pagan* pates he made to tum-
ble in dust,

And heads of *Saracen*'s he fix on Spear as on a sign post ;
Hecoq'd in Cage grim *Bijazet* prop of *Mahomet*'s Religion
As if he'd been the whispering Bird that prompted him
the Pidgeon ;

In *Turky Leather Scabbard* he did sheath his blade so
trenchant, Linch on't

But *George* he swing'd the Dragons tail and cut off ev'ry
St. George he was, &c.

Achilles of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horse for to ride;
 Was taught byth' *Centaurs* rational parts the Hinnible to
 bestride ;
 Bright Silver feet and shining face had the stout Hero's
 Mother,
 As Rapiers Silver'd at one end and wound us at the other,
 Her feet were bright, his feet were swift as hawk pursu-
 ing Sparrow,
 Her's had the metal, his the speed of *Brabant's* Silver
 Arrow,
Thetis to double Pedagogue commits her dearest Boy,
 Who bred him from a slender twig to be the Scourge of
 Troy ;
 But e'er he lash'd the *Trojans* was in *Stygian* water steept,
 As birch is soaked first in piss when boys are to be whipt ;
 His skin exceeding hard, he rose from Lake so black and
 muddy,
 As *Lobsters* rising from the Sea, with shels about their
 Body,
 And as from *Lobsters* broken Claw, pick out the flesh you
 might,
 So might you from one unshell'd Heel dig peices of the
 Knight :
 His Myrmidons rob'd *Priam's* Barns, and Hen roosts say
 the Song,
 Carry'd away both Corn and Eggs, like Ants from which
 they sprung ;
 Himself tore *Hector's* Pantaloons, and sent him down bare
 Breech'd,
 To *Pedant Radamanthus* in posture to be switch'd,
 But *George* made the Dragon look as if he'd bin bewitcht ;
 St. *George* he was, &c.

The *Amazon Thalestris* was beautiful and bold,
 She fear'd her Breasts with Iron hot, and bang'd her foes
 with cold :
 Her hands were like the tool wherewith *Jove* keeps proud
 mortals under,

It shone just like his Lightning, and batter'd like his Thunder,
Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blast the proudest he that swagger'd ;
And melt that Rapier of his Soul in its corporeal Scabbard,
With Beauty the great Lapland Charm'd, poor men she did bewitch all,
Still a blind whining Lover had, as Pallas had her screech-owl ;
Her Beauty and her Drum to foe did cause amazement double,
As timerous Larks amazed are with Light and with a low-Bell :
She kept the Chastness of a Nun in Amour as in a Cloyster,
But George undid the Dragon, just as you'd undo an Oyster;
St. George he was, &c.
Full fatal to the Romans was the Carthaginian Hamibal,
Him I mean who did them give, a devilish thump at Cannæ ;
Moors thick as Goats on Penwinmaur stood on the Alpes's front,
Their one ey'd guide like blinking Mole bor'd through the hindring mount ;
Who baffled by the massy Rock, took Vinegar for relief,
Like Plow-men when they hew their way through stubborn Rump of Beef :
As dancing Louts from humid toes cast atome of ill Savour,
To blinking Hial when on vile croud he Merriment does endeavour,
And on harmonious timber saws a wretched tune so quiver,
. Just so the Romans flunk at sight of African conniver ;
The tawny surface of his Phiz did serve instead of vizard
But George he made the Dragon have and a grumbling in his Gizard ; St. George he was, &c.

Pendragon like his Father Fove was fed with Milk of Goat,
And like him made a noble shield of she Goats shagged
Coat;

On top of burnish'd Helmet he did wear a Crest of leeks,
And Onions-heads with dreadful nods drew tears down
hostile cheeks.

Itch and Welch blood did make him hot, and very prone
to ire,

Was ting'd with brimstone like a match, and would as
soon take fire;

And brimstone he took inwardly, when Scurf gave him
occasion,

His postern puff of wind was a Sulphureous exhalation;
The Britain never tergivers'd, but was for adverse
drubbing,

Nor ever turn'd his back to ought but to a post for
Scrubbing;

His Sword would serve for Battle or for dinner if you
please,

When it had slain a Cheshire Man 'twould tost a Cheshire
Cheese;

He wounded and in their own blood did Anabaptize
Pagans,

But George he made the Dragon an example to all
Dragons;

St. George be was. &c.

Gorgon a twisted Adder wore for knot upon her shoul-
der,

She kemb'd her hissing periwig and curling Snakes did
powder;

These Snakes they made stiff Changelings of all men that
they hiss'd on,

They turned Barbers into Hones, and Masons into free-
Sworded Magnetick Amazon her shield to load-stone
changes,

The amorous Sword by mystick Belt clung fast unto her
banches;

This shield long Village did protect, and kept the Army
from Town,
And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks, that came to invade
long Compton ;
The postdiluvian Stone unmans, and Pyrrha's Work un-
ravels,
And Stares *Ducalion's* hardy boys into their Primitive
pebbels ;
Red Noses she to Rubies turns and Noddles into Bricks,
But *George* made the Dragon laxative and gave him a
Bloody flux.

St. George he was, &c.

Brave *Warwick's Guy* at Dinner time challeng'd a Giant
Savage,
And straight came out the unwieldy lout brim full of
wrath and Cabbage ;
He had a Phiz of latitude and was full thick i'th middle,
The Cheeks of puffed Trumpeter and Paunch of Squire
Beadle ;
But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak and did upon his
Back tread,
The Valiant *Gay* his Weason cut and *Atropus* his pack-
thread ;
Besides he fought with a Dun Cow as say the Poets
Witty,
A dreadful Dun, and horned too, like Dun of Oxford
City ;
The fervent Dog-days made her mad by causing heat of
Weather,
Syrius and *Procyon* baited her as a Bull-dog did her
Father ;
Grafiers nor Butchers this fell Beast e'er of her frolick
hinder'd,
John Dorfer she'd knock down as flat as *John* knocks down
his Kindred ;
Her heels would lay ye all along and kick into a Swoon,
Cow heels at *Frewins* keep up your Corps, but here
'twould beat you down ;

She vanquish'd many a sturdy Knight and proud was of
the Honour,
Was pufft by mauling Butchers so as if themselves had
blown her;
'At once she kick'd and push'd at Guy, but all that would
not fright him,
Who wav'd his whinyard o'er her loyn as if he'd gon to
Knight him :
He let her Blood her frenzy to cure and eke he did her
gall rip,
His trenchant blade like Cooks long Spit ran through the
Monster's bald rib;
He rear'd up the vast crook'd rib instead of Arch
Triumphal,
But George hit'h Dragon such a pelt which made him on
his Bum fall ;
St. George be was, &c.

Great Hercules the off spring of Jove and fair Alcmene,
One part of him Celestial was, the other part Terrene ;
To Scale the Wall's of's Cradle two fiery Snakes combin'd,
And just like unto swadling cloaths about the Infant twin'd ;
But he put out these Dragons fires and did their hissing
stop,
As red hot Iron with hissing noise is quench'd in black-
smiths shop,
He cleans'd a stable and rubb'd down the horses of new
Comers,
And out of Horse-dung he rais'd Fame as Tom Wrench
does Cucumbers ;
He made a River help him through, Alpheus was under
Groom,
The stream grumbling at office mean ran murmur'ring
through the Room :
This liquid Ostler to prevent being tired with a long
work,
His Father Neptunes Trident took instead of three tooth'd
dung fork :

This

This *Hercule*, as Soldier and as Spiaſter could take pains
 His Club it would ſome times Spinn flax and ſometimes
 knock out brains ;
 He was, forc'd to Spin his Miss a ſhift, by *Juno's* wrath and
 her spite,
 Fair *Omphale* whipt him to his wheel as Cooks whip bark-
 ing turnſpit ;
 From man or *Churn* he well knew how to get him laſt-
 ing fame,
 He'd baſte a Gyant till the blood and milk to butter
 came ;
 Often he fought with huge battoon, and often times
 he Boxed,
 Tap'd a fresh monster once a month as *Harvey* doth fresh
 Hogshead ;
 To ſtiff *Antæus* he gave a hug, ſuch as folks give in *Corn-*
 Wall,
 But *George* he did the Dragon kill as dead as any door
 nail ;
 St. *George* he was, &c.

The valour of *Domitian* it muſt not be forgotten,
 Who from the Jaws of wormblowing Flies freed ſuppliant
 Veal and Mutton ;
 A Squadron of Flies Errant againſt the foe appears,
 With Regiment of buzzing Wights and ſwarms of Volun-
 teers ;
 The Warlike Wasp incourag'd them with's animating
 hummm,
 And the loud brazen Hornet he was their Kettle drum ;
 The Spaniard *don Cambardo* did him moſt ſorely peſter,
 And rais'd on ſkin of ventrous Knight full many a pla-
 guy blifter ;
 A Bee whipt through his button hole as through key hole
 a Witch,
 And ſtab'd him with a little Tuck drawn from his Scab-
 bard breech ;
 But the undaunted Knight lift's up an Arm ſo big and
 brawny,

And flasht her so that here lay head and there lay bag of Honey ;
 Then 'mongst the rout he flew as Iwift as Weapon made by Cyclops,
 And bravely quell'd seditious Buz, by dint of massy fly fidsa ;
 Surviving Flies did Curses breath, and Maggots too at Casar,
 But George he shav'd the Dragons beard and Askulon was his Razor ;

St. George be was, &c.

The Gemini sprung of an Egg were put into a Cradle, Their brains with knocks and bottl'd Ale were oftentimes full addle
 And scarcely hatch'd these Sons of him that hurls the bolts trisulcate,
 With helment shell on tender head did bustle with red Ey'd Polecat ;
 Castor a horseman, Pollux tho' a boxer was I wift
 The one was fam'd for Iron heel the other for leaden fist;
 Pollux to shew he was a God when he was in a passion,
 Would first make Noses fall down flat by way of adoration ;
 This fist as sure as French disease demolish't Noses ridges, [bridges ;
 He like a certain Lord was fam'd for breaking down of Castor the flame of fiery steed with well spur'd Boots took down, [Town ;
 As men with leathern Buckets do quench fire in a His Famous Horse that liv'd on Oats is Sung on Oaten quill,
 Ay Bards immortal provender the Nag surviveth still :
 This brood of Eggs on none but rogues employ'd their brisk Artillery,
 They flew as naturally at a rogue as Eggs at Knaves on pillory ,
 Much swear they spent in furious flight, much blood they did effund,

Their

Their whites they vented through their pores, their
yolks through gaping wound,
Then both from blood and dust were cleans'd to make a
heavenly sign,
The lads just like their Armour were scour'd and hang'd
up to shine,
Thus were the heav'nly bouble Dicks the sons of *Fove*
and *Tinder*,
But *George* he cut the Dragon up as't had bin duck or
Winder;

St. George he was, &c.

By Boar Spear *Meleager* acquir'd a lasting name,
And out of haunch of basted Swine he hew'd eternal fame;
The beast the Heroes Trouzers ript and rudely shew'd
his bare breech,
Pickt but the Wem and out there came Heroick Guts
and Garbadge;
Leggs were secur'd with Iron boots no more than peas
by peas-cods,
Bras helmets with inclosed Skulls, would crackle in's
mouth like chesnauts;
His tawny Hairs erected were by rage that was resistless,
And wrath instead of Coblers wax'd did stiffen his rising
bristles;
His Tusks lay'd doggs to sleep that whip nor bugle horn
could wake 'em,
It made them vent both their last blood and their last
Album grecum;
But the Knight gor'd him with his spear to make of him
a tame one,
And Arrows thick instead of Cloves he stuck in Monsters
gammon;
For Monumental pillar that his Victory might be known
He rais'd up in Chylindrick form a Collar of the Brawn;
He sent his shade to shades below in *Styga* mud to
wallow,
And eke the stout St. *George* oft soon he made the Dragon
follow;

St. George he was, &c.

A Scorch SONG.



T Was in the Month of May Joe, When Jockey first I
 (spy'd ;

He luk'd as fair as day too. Gude gin I'd bin his Bride :
 With Cole black Eyn and Milk white hand,

Ise ne'er yet saw the Like :

I wish I had gin aw my Land,

Ise ne'er had seen the Tike.

He fix'd his Eyne upon me, With the aw signs of Love ;
 Ise thought they wou'd gang through me, So fiercely they
 He tuk me in his eager Arms, (did move :)

Ise made but faint denials ;

I'se then alas found aw his Charms,
 Woe worth such fatal trials.

The Bonny Lad at last Joe, was forc'd toll gang away ;
 But I'se had eane stuck fast tho', Full Nine Months from
 And now poor Jenny's Maiden-head, that day :

Shame on't they find its lost ;
 The little brat has aw betray'd

Was ever lass thus croff'd.

POEMS, On Several Occasions.

The FRYER and the MAID.

AS I lay musing all alone
A merry Tale I thought upon ;
Now listen a while and I will you tell
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Boany Lass well,

He came to her when she was going to bed,]
Desiring to have her Maiden head;
But she denied his desire.
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou needst not doubt,
If thou were't in Hell I could sing thee out :
Why then, quoth the Maid thou shalt have thy request ;
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his Nest.

But one thing more I must request,
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire,
That is for doing of the thing,
An Angel of Money you must me bring,

Tush, tush quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree,
No money shall part thee and me ;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the gray Gown off my back,

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,
How she might this Fryer beguile ;

When

When he was gone, the Truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well.

The Fryer came as his Bargain was,
With Money unto his bonny Laſs ;
Good morrow, fair Maid, good morrow quoth ſhe,
Here is the Money I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and ſhe took the Money,
Now let's go to't my own dear Honey :
Nay ſtay a while ſome reprie make,
If my Maſter ſhould come he would us take.

Alaſſ ! quoth the Maid my Maſter doth come,
Alaſſ ! quoth the Fryer where ſhall I run ?
Behind yon Cloth run thou quoth ſhe,
For there my Maſter cannot fee.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
And was in the Well Incontinent :
Alaſſ ! (quoth he) I'm in the Well,
No matter (quoth ſhe) if thou wer't in Hell.

Thou ſaidſt thou couldſt ſing me out of Hell,
I prithee ſing thy ſelf out of the Well ;
Sing out (quoth ſhe) with all thy might,
Or else thou'rt like to ſing there all night.

The Fryer ſang out with a pitiful ſound,
Oh ! help me out or I ſhall be drown'd :
She heard him make ſuch pitiful moan,
She hope him out and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was ſerv'd ſo before,
Away quoth the Wench come here no more :
The Fryer he walk'd along the street,
As if he had been a new wash'd ſheep.

Sing hey down a derry ; and let's be merry,
And from ſuch ſin ever keep.

The Virtue of SACK, by Dr. Hen. Edwards.

FEtch me Ben. Johnson's Skull, and fill't with Sack,
 Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack.
 Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree
 It was no sin to be as drunk as he :
 If there be any weakness in the wine,
 There's virtue in the Cup to make't divine ;
 This muddy drench of Ale does taft too much.
 Of earth, the Mault retains, a scurvy touch
 Of the dull hand that sows it ; and I fear
 There's Heresie in Hopes, give *Calvin* Beer,
 And his precise Disciples, such as think
 There's Powder treason in all *Spanisb* drink ;
 Call Sack an Idol, nor will kiss the Cup,
 For fear their Conventicle be blown up
 With superstition ; give to these Brew-house alms
 Whose best mirth is Six shillings Beer, and Psalms :
 Let me rejoice in sprightly Sack, that can.
 Creat a brain even in empty pan.
Canary ! 'tis thou that dost inspire
 And actuare the soul with heavny fire ;
 That thou sublim'ft the Genius making Wit
 Scorn earth, and such as love or live by it ;
 Thou make'st us Lord of Regions large and fair,
 Whilst our conceits build Castles in the air :
 Since fire, earth, air, thus thy inferiors be
 Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee :
 Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes !
 Welcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes,
 Such is the worth of Sack ; I am (methinks :
 In the Exchequer now, hark how it chinks :
 And do esteem my venerable self
 As brave a fellow, as if all the pelf
 Where sure mine own ; and I have thought a way
 Already how to spend it ; I would pay
 No debts, but fairly empty every trunk
 And change the gold for sack to keep me drunk ;

And

And so by consequence till rich Spains wine
 Being in my crown, the Indies too were mine :
 And when my Brains are once a foot (heaven bless us !)
 I think my self a better man than *Cræsus*,
 And now I do conceit my self a Judge
 And coughing laugh to see my clients trudge
 After My Lordships Coach unto the Hall
 For Justice and am full of Law withal.
 And do become the Bench as well as he
 That fled long since for want of honesty :
 But I'll be Judge no longer though in jest,
 For fear I should be talk'd with like the rest
 When I am sober ; who can chuse but think
 Me wise, that am so wary in my drink !
 Oh admirable sack ! here's dainty sport,
 I am come back from *Westminster* to Court ;
 And am grown young again ; my Ptisick now
 Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
 Is smooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
 When she invites young lovers forth to play
 Upon her flow'ry bosom I could win
 A Vestal now, or tempt a Queen to sin,
 Oh for a score of Queens ! you'd laugh to see
 How they would strive which first should ravish me.
 Three Goddesses were nothing : Sack has tipt
 My Tongue with charms like those which *Pairs* sipt
 From *Venus* when she taught him how to kiss
 Fair *Hellen*, and invite a fairer bliss :
 Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone
 Would turn *Diana* to a burning stone :
 Some with amazement, burning with loves fire,
 Hard, to the touch, but short in her desire.
 Inestimable Sack ! thou mak'st us rich,
 Wise, amorous any thing ; I have an itch
 To t'other Cup, and that perchance will make
 Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy sake ;
 If I be once inflam'd against thy Nose
 That could preach'd down thy worth in small-beer prose,
 I should do Mircles as bad or worse,
 As he that gave the King an hundred Horse.

T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd,
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward ;
With mine own hands from Jove upon their backs,
That are, or Charles's enemies or Sacks :
Let it be full if I do chance to spill,
O'er my Standish by the way, I will ;
Dipping in this Diviner Ink my Pen,
Write my self sober and fall to't agen.

On a Combat of Cocks, the Norfolk, and the Wisbich, by Mr. Tho. Randolph.

Go you tame Gallants you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game ;
That have brave spurs to shew for't and can Crow,
And count all dunghill breed that cannot shew ;
Such painted Plumes as yours ; that think no vice,
With Cock like lust to tread your Cockatrice :
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If you're not fighting Cocks y'are not for me :
I of two feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' life means to express the fight ;
Must make his ink o'r th' Blood which they did spill,
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

No sooner were the doubtful People set,
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful Judges of the play,
Bring forth their sharp heel'd Warriors and they,
Were both in liuen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they dy'd to have their Winding sheet ;
With that into th' pit they are put, and when they were,
Both on their feet, the Norfolk Canticleere,
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,
And like a Chalenger begins to Crow,
And shakes his wings, as if he would display,
His War-like Colours which were black and gray :
Meantime the wary Wisbich walks and Breathes,
His active body, and in fury wreaths,

His

His comely crest, and often looking down,
 He whets his angry beak upon the ground :
 With that they meet, not like the Coward breed
 Of *Aesop*, that can better fight than feed :
 They scorn the Dunghill, 'tis their only Prize
 To dig for pearl within each others eyes.
 They fight so long that it was hard to know
 to th'skilful whether they did fight or no,
 Had not the blood which died the fatal floor
 Born witness of it ; yet they fight the more,
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick
 They fury forward ; lighting's not more quick
 Nor red then were their eyes : 'twas hard to know
 Whether it was blood or anger made them so :
 And sure they had been out, had not they stood
 More safe by being fenc'd in by blood.
 Yet still they fight but now (alas !) at length
 Although their courage be full try'd their strength
 And blood began to ebb ; you that have seen
 A water Combat on the sea, between
 Two roaring angry boylng billows, how
 They march and meet and dash their curled brows
 Swelling like graves as if they did intend
 To intomb each other, e're the quarrel end :
 But when the wind is down, and blustring weather,
 They are made friends and sweetly run together,
 My think these Champions such ; their combs grow low
 And they that leapt even now, now scarce can go :
 Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt
 (As if they did applaud themselves now flapt) ;
 And having lost the advantage of the Heel
 Drunk with each others blood they only reel.
 From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
 As if they wept them for their funeral.
 And yet they fain would fight, they came so near,
 As if they meant into each others ear
 To whisper death ; and when they cannot rise,
 They lie and look blows in each others eyes.
 But now the Tragick part after the fight
 When *Norfolk Cock* had got the best of it,

And

And *Wisbick* lay a dying so that none,
 Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
 Contracting (like a dying Taper) all,
 His force as meaning with that blow to fall ;
 He strugles up and having taken wind,
 Ventures a blow and strikes the other blind :
 And now poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,
 Fights only guided by Antipathies :
 With him (alas) the Proverb holds not true,
 The blows his eyes ne'er sees his heart must rue,
 At length by chance he stumbled on his Foe,
 Not having any power to strike a blow,
 He falls upon him with a wounded head,
 And makes his Conquering wings his Feather-Bed ;
 Where lying sick his Friends were very Charie,
 Of him and fetcht in hast an Apothecary :
 But all in vain his body did so blister,
 That 'twas incapable of any glister ;
 Wherefore at length opening his fainting bill,
 He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his Will.

IMprimis, Let it never be forgot,
 My body freely I bequeath to th' Pot ;
 Decently to be Boil'd, and for i's Tomb,
 Let it be buried in some burgry Womb :
 Item. Executors I will have none,
 But be that on my side laid seven to one :
 And like a Gentl man that he may live,
 To him and to his heirs my Comb I give :
 Together with my Brains, that all may know,
 That oftentimes his brains did use to Crow,
 Item. It is my will to the weaker ones,
 Whose Wives complain of them. I give my Stones :
 To him that's dull I do my spurs impart,
 And to the Coward I bequeath my Heart :
 To Ladies who are light it is my will,
 My feathers should be given and for my bill,
 I'd give't a Talour but it is so short,
 That I'm afraid he'll rather Curse me for't :

And

*And for the Apothecaries fee who meant
To give me a Glister, let my rump be sent.*

*Lately because I feel my life decay,
I yield and give to Wisbich Cock the day.*

On a F A R T in the Parliament-House,

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

D^Own came Grave Ancient Sir John Crooke,
And read his message in a book,
Very well quoth Will Norris is it so,
But Mr. Pym's Tayl cry'd no.
Eye, quoth Alderman Atkins, I like not this piffage
To have a Fart intervoluntary in the midst of a Messinge.
Then up starts one fuller of Devotion
Than Eloquence, and said a very ill motion:
Not so neither quoth Sir Henry Fenking.
The Motion was good but for the stinking;
Quoth Sir Henry Pool 'twas an audacious trick
To Fart in tee Face of the body Politick
Sir Jerome in Folio swore by the Mass
This fart was enough to have blown a glass:
Quoth then Sir Jerome the lesser such abuse
Was never offer'd in Polond nor Pruce.
Quoth Sir Richard Houghton, a Justice ith' Quorum
Would tak't in Snuff to have a Fart let before him:
If it would bear an Action quoth Sir Thomas Holecraft,
I would make of this Fart a bolt or a Shaft;
Then quoth Sir John Moor to his great commendation,
I will speak to this House in my wonted fashion,
Now surely says he, For as much as how be it
This fart to the Serjeant we must commit.
No quoth the Serjeant low bending his knees
Farts oft will break Prisons but never Pay Fees:
Besides this Motion with small reason stands,
To charge me with what I can't keep in my hands:
Quoth Sir Walter Cope, 'twas so readily let,
I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet. Why

Why then Sir Walter (quoth Sir William Fleet-wood)
Speak no more of it but bury it with sweetwood,
Grave Senate, wroth Duncom, upon my salvation,
This farj stands in need of some greae Reformation.
Yuoth Mr. Cartwirght, upon my conscience,
It would be reform'd with a little Frankincense,
Quoth Sir Roger Aton it would much mend the matter
If this Fart were shaven and wash't with Rose-water
Per verbum principis, how dare I tell it,
A Fart by here-say and not see it nor smell it.
I am glad quoth Sir Sam. Lewknor we have found a thing,
That no Tale-bearer can carry it the King.
Such a Fart as this was never seen,
Quoth the learned council of the Queen.
Yet quoth Sir Hugh Befton the like has been,
Let in a Dance before the Queen.
Then said Mr. Leak I have a president in store,
His Father Farted laſt Session before.
A bill must be drawn then quoth Sir John Bennet,
Or a ſelected Committee quickly to pen it.
Why quoth Dr. Crompton, no man can draw
This Fart within the Compafs of the Civil Law:
Quoth Mr. Jones by the Law't may be done,
Being a Fart intayl'd from Father to Son;
In troth quoth Mr. Brook this Speech was no lye,
This Fart was one of your Post Nati:
Quoth William Paddy he dare affure 'em
Though 'twere Contra Modestiam 'tis not *præter Naturam*:
Besides by the Aphorisms of my art
Had he not been deliver'd h'ad been ſick of a Fart,
Then quoth the Recorder, the mouth of the City,
To have ſmother'd that Fart had been great pity.
It is most certain quoth Humphry Bentwistle,
That round Fart is better than a ſtinking fizzle.
Have Patience Gentlemen quoth Sir Francis Bacon,
There's none of us all but may be miſtaken:
Why right quoth the great Attorney I confefs,
The Echo of ones A—is remediless.

*The Geneva Ballad. By the Author of
Hudibrass.*

O F all the *Actions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemish Wheels* ;
None treads *Religion* upside down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at heels.
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scan'd perhaps,
By the Dimensions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine ;
Nay he can bellow, bray or bark,
Was ever like a *Beauk Learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *Lingua's* of the *Ark*.

To draw in Proselytes like Bees,
With *pleasing Twang* he tones his Prose ;
He gives his Hand-kerchief a squeez,
And draws *John Calvin* through his nose ;
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-stocking Similitudes*,
Eight uses more and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treason* had a fine new name ;
When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame ;
When *Fereboam's* Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This Gospel Comet first appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd,
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land :
And having smote his Master slip'd,
His Sword into his Fellows hand,

But

But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oft times the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Outweigh'd Queen *Mary's* many grains ;
His very Preaching slew more men,
Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes and Chains.

With *Dog-star Zeal* and Lungs like *Boreas*
He fought and taught ; and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament* ;
As if the Wind could stand *North South*,
Broke *Mojes* Law with bleft intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace
Can blanch an *Aethiopian's* Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in Swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins,*
But whispers, *Boys stand to your Arms.*
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdued,
Money, I mean, and Multitude.

Magistrates he regards no more
Than *St. George* or the *King of Colen* ;
Vowing he'll not conform before
The Old-wives wind their Dead in Woollen,
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-beard Goff*,
And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

Hark ! how he opens with full Cry !
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME,
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domestick Broils at home.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

How quietly Great *CH A R L E S* might reign,
Would all these hot-spurs cross the Main,
And preach down popery in *Spain*.

The Starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no dissention in the Sky :
And can there be a Mean betwixt,
Confusion and Conformity ?
A Place divided never thrives,
'Tis bad were Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worse where Children play with Knives.

I would as soon turn back to Mass,
Or change my phrase to *thee* and *thou* ;
Let the Pope ride me like an Ass,
And his Priests milk me like a Cow :
As buckle to *Smedlymruan* Laws,
The bad effects o'th' Good old Cause,
That have Doves Plumes, but Vultur's Claws.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that nurs'd,
The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew ;
Foul Errors motly vesture first,
Was coated in a Northern Blue :
And what's th' Enthusiaſtick breed,
Or men of *Knipperdolings* Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to feed ?

Yet they all cry they Love the King,
And make boast of their Inocence ;
There cannot be so vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with Pretence :
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear,
No ſubje&t like th' old Cavalier,
No Traitor like *Jack*—.



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